McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

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NO 9

FEBRUARY CRIMINAL COURT IN SESSION.

Neither of the Murder Cases are Being Tried This Week.

HIGHWAY ROBBER GETS 7 YEARS

Thomas and George Demjonavc, Crotoan Choppers, Found Guilty—A True Bill Found Against Rosario Gegliotti for Murder of Grace Bigler and Anthony Kohnen—Other Court Matters.

The February term of criminal court convened Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Judge Joseph W. Bouton presiding. E. C. Devinney of Bradford was made foreman of the grand jury. W. B. Jones was appointed as the constable to wait upon the grand jury, and C. L. Foust of Bradford, was assigned to duty as a special court officer.

The constables made their returns and received instructions from the court.

Earl Bessie pleaded guilty to larceny and sentence was suspended. D. C. Gallup of Port Allegany was appointed probation officer.

William Chase pleaded guilty to the charge of adultery and was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs and serve 30 days in the county jail.

John T. Burns, alias Coffey, pleaded guilty to maintaining a gambling place in Bradford. On payment of costs sentence was suspended, Burns to report every month for four months to M. D. Murray, probation officer.

James Reynolds, a vagrant, was told to leave McKean county forthwith.

The trial of Joe Zaffino, charged with the murder of Peter Marino, on the night of October 30, 1911, at Clermont, was continued.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. Norman E. Mann, charged with non-support, the proceedings were quashed.

The case against Charles Gustafson was not pros'd.

Mrs. A. Simpson, charged with assault and battery, also drew a nol pros.

The case of Commonwealth vs. Maybelle Crawford, the Keating township school teacher charged with cruelly whipping a pupil, was continued.

Salvatore Arcore Tuesday morning pleaded guilty to the charge of highway robbery and was sentenced to serve an indefinite term in the penitentiary of not less than seven years nor more than ten. The costs and a fine of $10 were placed upon him.

C. H. Sutherland pleaded guilty to conducting a gambling place in Bradford and was sentenced to the county prison for a period of two months and to pay the costs and a fine of $100. This is a sequel to the famous watch case.

In the cases against George and Thomas Danowich, alias Demjonavc, choppers, employed in the Big Woods, charged with assault with intent to kill, both were tried and found guilty—George on the third count against him and Thomas on the second. Both will probably become unwilling residents of Allegheny, Pa., for a period, after sentences are passed upon them. These are the chaps who used their axes in a recent drunken brawl in a boarding shanty, accounts of which have already been published.

B. Atler, tried on the charge of stealing certain samples from a commercial traveler at Bradford, has been found guilty.

Clifford Jones has pleaded guilty to breaking into a shoe store at Kane for a felonious purpose. He was given a suspended sentence and is placed on probation, to report to C. B. Gillis, of Kane.

The unsavory East Bradford case in which Patrick Donnelly was charged by an aged woman with assault and battery and attempted rape, the defendant was found guilty of assault and battery.

Tommy McGallow, who was arrested on a white slave charge, was found not guilty.

Luigi Cervanno, another alleged white slaver and the companion of Tommy McGallow, was set free. The court instructed the jury to find a verdict of not guilty owing to lack of evidence.

The case of Harris Cohen was continued.

The case of John Keller, charged with stealing an overcoat, was on trial at 11:15 this morning.

Grand Jury Findings.

Commonwealth vs. C. H. Sutherland, gambling, a true bill.

Thomas and George Danowich, alias Thomas and George Demjonavc, assault with intent to kill, a true bill.

Fortunato Zucco, charged with assault with intent to commit rape, true bill.

B. Atler, charged with stealing samples of goods from a traveling man in a Bradford hotel; a true bill.

J. C. Lewis, adultery; a true bill.

Patrick Donnelly, assault with intent to commit rape; a true bill.

Rosario Gigliotti, murder of Grace Bigler and Anthony Kohnen; a true bill.

Samuel and Lester Sherwood, aggravated assault and battery, a true bill.

J. C. Lewis, bigamy, a true bill.

Clayton Ostrander, furnishing liquor to minors; not a true bill.

Clarence Egbert, larceny; not a true bill.

Thomas McGallow and Luigi Cervanno, of Hornell, N. Y., now in prison here, have been indicted on white slavery charges.

A true bill has been found against Tony Inogone on the charge of aggravated assault and battery.

A true bill has also been returned against C. A. Duke on the charge of maliciously plugging an oil well.

Bert Peasley, cruelty to animals, not a true bill and county pay costs.

John Burns and Fred Caldwell, larceny of a watch, not a true bill. This is the famous Bradford watch case.

FEAST OF THE FROGS.

Washington's Birthday Celebrated at the Wright House.

The Sixty-Someth Periodical Banquet of the Ancient and Honorable Independent Order of Frogs was held at the Wright Oasis on Washington's birthday, Thursday evening, February the twenty-twoth, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred twelve, at 8,999 Washington time, or as soon thereafter as the dignity of this ancient Order would peaceably permit.

The scions of the Order of Frogs formed in front of their Original Puddle at 4-11-44 Tadpole Lane and passed through space to the Wright Oasis in the usual triumphant style. When all of the Bull Frogs had gathered in their secret Wardrobe Puddle it was discovered with consternation that King Linn was conspicuous by his absence and the fraternity with deep lamentations set about for a leader to set in the absinths of His Majesty. None were found among the Bull Frogs and when inventory was taken of the Peepers, William L., the facetious, was the only one who had been anointed. He having landed on Mobile Rock with his pilgrim fathers in 1912, amid great rejoicing of the clans.

King William ½, pro tem., after being properly decorated and baptised was seated on the throne and bade his subjects commence with Him in the customary way. Then it was that the Boss Croakers, the Bull Frogs, the Tadpoles, the Peepers, and the Polly Wogs, laid waste to the sumptuous repast that had been prepared by Landlord Sherburne at the instance of Charles, the H. Melvin, Keeper of the Exchequer; St. Matthew Bain, Keeper of the Thieves, and "Big Ben" Siarsky, Keeper of the Prothonotary's Records and Political Secrets to Success.

"Reb," the King's Jester, was also absent, but notwithstanding this lamentable fact, the Greenbach squadron spent a very enjoyable evening and William ½ warmed up to the occasion, the Frogs and their progeny kept about in frolicksome glee, until every member of this antifragenious-race was filled with good things to the point of overflowing.

Along in the atness of the where of this notable feast oratory and song gurgled and flowed like a Hedgehog oil well and the outbursts of wit and humor were as numerous and humerous as the bursting of water lines on a frosty morning.

For Sale.

Three good work horses. For particulars inquire of

2t HEWITT BROTHERS,
R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

FOUND—A black and tan hound. Owner can have same by proving propetry and paying charges. Address LOCK BOX 572,
2t Smethport, Pa.

MRS. AGNES McCARTHY.

Aged and Highly Respected Resident Passed Away Thursday.

Mrs. Agnes McCarthy, a long time and beloved resident of this place, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Stephen McLafferty, at Hazelhurst, at 4:15 p. m., Thursday, February 22nd, in her 77th year, from a complication of ailments incidental to old age, from which she had suffered for months past.

Miss Agnes Cunningham was a native of Glasgo, Scotland, where she was born August 15th, 1835. In her early life she came to this country with her parents, settling at Blossburg, Pa., where the family resided for a number of years, finally locating at Coudersport, Pa. At the latter place she was united in marriage with Jerry McCarthy on April 15, 1855, and together they established a home at Coudersport, where they remained for a number of years, finally moving to Smethport, where they continued to reside until the death of the husband one year ago last August, since which time Mrs. McCarthy has made her home with her children in neighboring towns.

There were born to Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy twelve children, five sons and seven daughters, eight of whom survive, namely: John McCarthy of Erie, Pa.; Mrs. W. V. Provin, of Olean, N. Y.; David McCarthy of Mt. Jewett; Mrs. John Keeley of Omulgee, Okla.; William McCarthy of Chillecothe, Ohio; Mrs. A. L. Colegrove of Olean, N. Y., and Mrs. Stephen McLafferty of Hazelhurst. She is also survived by 27 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Mrs. McCarthy, who spent the greater portion of her life in Smethport, was most dearly beloved by all who knew her. She possessed the sweet, kind, loving and forgiving disposition that endeared her in the hearts of all her friends and neighbors. Her home life was as near perfect as human life is made. She bore her troubles and the troubles of those near and dear to her with a patient and true Christian spirit. Her mission in life seemed to be to make everybody around her happy and she used her best efforts in this direction. Her death is not only mourned by her large family of descendants, but by all who knew this most lovable woman.

Her remains were brought to this place on the morning train Monday and the funeral services held immediately afterward at St. Elizabeth's church, of which she was a lifelong member, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating. Her remains were laid at rest in the family plot in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

NOT IN RECEIVER'S HANDS.

Port Allegany Reporter and Eldred Eagle Discuss Insurance Matters.

Scarcely a newspaper throughout Western Pennsylvania but is giving space to a fabrication that the Golden Seal, an insurance organization with headquarters at Roxbury, N. Y., and which from four to six years ago wrote thousands of dollars of beneficial and life insurance throughout this section, is in the hands of a receiver, or that a receiver had been asked for through the state department at Albany. There isn't a word of truth in it. The real facts of the matter are that the Golden Seal organization has been under the eye and control of Superintendent Hotchkiss of the New York State Insurance department during the past five years and not a dividend has been declared nor a dollar paid out in that time only through that department and not a certificate has been issued by the organization except on the approval of that department.—Reporter.

The article published in the Eagle was from a Wellsville paper, but Editor Laymon is, or was, one of the head officers of the O. G. S. and he ought to know what he is talking about. The fact that the N. P. L. has lowered their dividend to $3.16 for 1912 looks bad for those who are in at the finish of these short term companies. The O. G. S. pays about $115 on their last dividend.—Eldred Eagle.

For Sale.

My house furnishings of every description, all up-to-date and in first-class condition. Will be sold at a sacrifice, first come, first served.
Feb.29-tf DR. F. C. PIERCE.
Over Anderson & Carlson's shoe store

Subscribe for The Miner.

ROOSEVELT ANNOUNCES CANDIDANCY

His Answer to Eight Governors Written Last Saturday.

HIS STIRRING ADDRESS IN BOSTON

Col. Roosevelt Plainly States His Position in Letter and Address—Lively Contest is Now On and May the Best Man Win—Letter From the Governors.

New York, Feb. 25.—"I will accept the nomination for President if it is tendered to me, and I'll adhere to this decision until the convention has expressed its preference."

Theodore Roosevelt in these words to-night broke his silence of months dispelled whatever mystery may have surrounded his attitude and formally declared himself in the race for the Republican nomination for the presidency.

The Colonel's statement was issued from the Outlook offices in the form of a reply to a petition from eight governors, dated February 10, in which they implored him to express his willingness to accept the nomination. Following is his reply:

The Colonel's Statement.

New York, February 24, 1912.

Gentlemen: I deeply appreciate your letter and I realize to the full the heavy responsibility it puts upon me, expressing as it does, the carefully considered convictions of the men elected by popular vote to stand as the heads of government in their several states.

I absolutely agree with you that this matter is not one to be decided with any reference to the personal preferences or interests of any man, but purely from the standpoint of the interests of the people as a whole. I will accept the nomination for president if it is tendered to me, and I will adhere to this decision until the convention has expressed its preference. One of the chief principles for which I have stood and for which I now stand, and which I have always endeavored and always shall endeavor to reduce to action, is the genuine rule of the people; and therefore I hope that so far as possible the people may be given the chance, through direct pirmaries, to express their preference as to who shall be the nominee of the Republican presidential convention.

Very truly yours,
Theodore Roosevelt.

The letter is addressed to Governor William E. Glasscock of West Virginia; Governor Chetser H. Aldrich of Nebraska; Governor Robert P. Bass of New Hampshire; Governor Joseph M. Carey of Wyoming; Governor Chase S. Osborne of Michigan; GovernorW. R. Stubbs of Kansas, and Governor Herbert S. Hadley of Missouri.

From the Governors.

The letter from the governors to the Colonel was as follows:

Chicago, Feb. 10, 1912.

We, the undersigned Republican governors, assembled for the purpose of considering what will best insure the continuation of the Republican party as a useful agency of good government, declare it our belief, after a careful investigation of the facts, that a large majority of the Republican voters of the country favor your nomination, and a large majority of the people favor your election, as the next President of the United States.

We believe that your candidacy will insure success in the next campaign. We believe that you represent, as no other man represents, those principles and policies upon which we must appeal for a majority of the votes of the American people, and which in our opinion are necessary for the happiness and prosperity of the country.

A Public Demand.

We believe that in view of this public demand you should soon declare whether, if the nomination for the presidency come to you unsolicited and unsought, you will accept it.

In submitting this request we are not considering your personal interests. We do not regard it as proper to consider either the interests or the preference of any man as regards the nomination for the Presidency. We are expressing our sincere belief and best judgment as to what is demanded of you in the interests of the people.

(Continued on Page 4.)

EMERY REFINERY FIRE.

Four Men Were Injured and $65,000 Damage in Blaze Yesterday.

This morning's Era says: The compound house and wax plant of the Emery refinery, were destroyed by a fire which started at 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The loss is estimated at from $65,000 to $75,000, fully covered by insurance.

Four men were slightly burned when the fire started. They are:

F. Warner, a wax plant pressman. Burned about the face and hands.

J. Marble, wax plant pressman. Burned about the hands and face. Hair singed.

Charles Barr, an engineer at the wax plant. Slightly burned about the hands and face.

George Morrison, machinist, slightly burned about the hands. All of the men were able to go to their homes where they were given surgical attention.

A workman had gone into the wax-making department of the plant to repair a gas engine. He carried a torch and it is supposed that the flame of this ignited gas and caused the gasometer to explode. It was at that time that the men were slightly burned.

The company's fire-fighting apparatue was at once brought into use and an alarm brought the entire fire department of the city to the scene. Within a very few minutes the fire was spreading to the compound house which was soon in ruins, the walls falling in shortly after. The firemen gave their attention to saving the valuable machinery at one end of the wax plant, but the flames had such a start that the machinery is practically ruined. There were many streams of water used. The refinery's water system proved to be very effective but the city water pressure appeared to be weak at this time.

The compound house was about 125 by 30 feet in dimensions, three stories high. The wax making plant was about 200 by 250 feet, two stories high.

The fire is not expected to tie up the entire plant, but there will be a big loss caused by the delay in the manufacture of the "Emco" automobile oil, which is made in large quantities and which has a large sale throughout the country.

Lewis Emery, 3rd, informed the Era last evening that the company has a new building in, which the compounding department will be re-established and the wax-making continued temporarily.

The wax-making plant will be entirely rebuilt and equipped with modern machinery. The Emery Refining company has orders for wax enough to keep a plant going for a year.

The Emery Refining company is manufacturing a brand of automobile oil known as the "Emco" oil that is very popular. The sales of it are enormous and steadily increasing.

LUCKY OIL STRIKES.

One Was in Mt. Jewett and Another In Red Rock Field.

The News of Constable Hook, N. J., in recalling some of the instances where lucky strikes have been made in the oil country tells of two that are of local interest.

The opening of the Mt. Jewett field in McKean county, Pa., depended upon drilling two feet deeper than was intended, says the News. The well was a big gasser to the upper part of the sand, and after working half a day, it was decided to quit owing to the difficulty of getting water down the hole on account of the big flow of gas. The contractor, W. J. Corse, of Oil City, Pa., was told to pull out the tools and quit work. The steam was low in the boiler and he let the tools run until it could be raised. By that time only two feet of the screw remained to be run out, and it was decided to drill that much more. That two feet developed a 60-barrel oil producer and opened up a large field.

Whenever a group of oil men gather about a hotel porch at night, there is always a fund of such incidents to draw on as romantic and thrilling as any ever imagined by novelist or set in verse by poet. A few days ago some old-timers sojourning at a summer resort in the east, reminisced of these events and among others retold was the story of how fortune came to the Hall Bros., of the Bradford firm from a dry hole. The Hall Bros. were at that time running a hardware store at Red Rock in the then new oil field at Bradford. Operations were just starting and the chances of success in the mercantile business were as hazardous as in the oil operations. It was difficult for young firms to get credit in towns which sprang up over night and creditors demanded short time paper and kept collections very close against all firms, especially if they were young and inclined to take ventures in oil wells. Under these conditions the Halls found themselves close pressed for money, and at the end of one month it reached a point where their ability to satisfy their creditors and keep the sheriff off depended upon the success of a well they were drilling. This was nearing the sand and all hopes were centered on it. One evening the younger brother came in with the news that the well was through the sand and dry. The older brother asked if they were still drilling and was told that the tools were being taken down. He said: "That will never do, we must keep the sheriff off until we can arrange for an extension with out creditors, and must not let any one know that the well is dry." The next morning the two brothers drove to the well and directed the contractor to string up the tools and continue work. The contractor objected, saying he knew that the well was deep enough and dry, but the elder Hall said it was for them to say when to stop drilling, and for him to continue work until he got orders to quit. After seeing the tools started again, they returned to town and set about raising money to put their business in better financial shape. Late that same night the rumor came to their ears that oil had been found in the well and before morning it was known that the Hall Bros. had struck a 100-barrel producer. Thus they snatched success from ruin, not on account of good judgment or knowledge of what lay beneath their derrick, but simply because their financial condition forced them to continue work after hope was gone. That was luck. The Halls after making a fortune, moved to California; at least one of them lived there ten years ago.

MURDER AT OLEAN.

Aged Man Confesses He Killed His Daughter-In-Law. Raving Maniac Now.

Olean, N. Y., Feb. 22.—William Lundy, 70 years old, is in the police station here to-day a raving maniac, following his confession that he murdered his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Lundy. He walked calmly up to the chief of police last night and made his confession, saying that he desired to be hanged for the crime. An hour after he was in delirium.

A policeman, who was sent to investigate the story found the body of the woman lying in a closet at her home. Her head had been beaten in with a hammer and a knife was sticking in her throat.

From Lundy's incoherent story the police believe that the murder followed a quarrel between the old man and his daughter-in-law.

The body of the young woman lay in a pool of blood. Her hair, which had become loose, lay across her head and face. Her head was nearly severed from her body by a cut across the throat. A hammer lay under her right arm and a window curtain had been pulled down, and was spattered with blood. Back of the right ear was a deep knife thrust. A large butcher knife lay in the kitchen and there were blood stains on the wash bowl in the bath room. Otherwise the house was in perfect order.

The dead woman is Mrs. Thomas J. Lundy, wife of a flagman of the Pennsylvania railroad and daughter of John Barry, gateman at the Union street crossing of the Pennsylvania railroad in this city. The husband of the murdered woman was out on the road and did not learn until last evening of the fate of his wife.

William Lundy claims that he quarreled with the murdered woman, that she threw a knife at him and that he then took the hammer and struck her. There was no blood on the knife when found, but the wounds on the neck and back of the ear of the woman clearyl indicate that a knife was used.

The table was set for dinner and looked as if a large plate of meat had been set on the table just before she was attacked. The blood in the bath room was the only disorder found in the house and the murderer must have gone there to wash his hands after committing the deed.

Moon-Blindness

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Marpe! Have I got to tie you?" Mrs. Velvin demanded gleefully, flinging a length of ribbon about Rayner's arm. "No doubt you want to go inside and talk to Patty. Content yourself, sir, with me! Even me! Patty is a luxury. She wouldn't be at all good for you. Not for your career. And I have but just got her and young Atherley well settled for the evening. If he stays until 11, I shall know he has proposed——"

"How shall you know it?" Rayner interrupted, smiling, yet not quite easily.

Mrs. Velvin laughed softly. "Patty is a wise virgin," she said. "She never sacrifices her beauty sleep for triflers. O, no!" as she caught Rayner's look of annoyance. "She won't accept him—not on three days' acquaintance—she will merely take him under consideration. Trust my child for that! I have brought her up even more beautifully than if she were my very own."

"H'm! Are you six or two years her elder?" Rayner demanded.

Again Mrs. Velvin laughed. "As though it mattered—the least bit," she said. "By Bible count I am four years ahead of my husband's near daughter. Spiritually I'm four centuries—but for me the child would have grown absurdly sentimental."

"Then—I wish she had had another stepmother," Rayner broke out. "Still—I refuse to believe even you much as she loves you, can make her mercenary, cold and calculating. When she marries it will be a man, not his money——"

"Why not say a man and his money?" Mrs. Velvin asked archly. "You can't deny, jealous as you are, that Atherley is a good sort."

"But not good enough for Patty—she—she deserves the very best," Rayner began eagerly.

"Meaning yourself?" Mrs. Velvin interposed with a pretense of a yawn. Then she got up and half dragged Rayner out into a moonlit garden, rose-scented, vital with the spice-breath of pinks.

"Listen to the words of wisdom," she began. "I'm your friend in this—even more than Patty's. You are frightfully ambitious—you have so much in you it is no wonder. Remember Kipling, 'He travels fastest who travels alone.' With Patty you'd be too happy—you'd let go everything but money-making—care for nothing but to keep her in cotton-wool, and give her jewels and rings and all the fine things. Take my word for it, you'll never be a great man without the spur of unhappiness."

"Stop mocking!" Rayner said, hotly.

She went on as if he had not spoken. "As Patty's husband, you'd have five years of bliss absolute. Then—you'd remember—and regret. You'd see the men you know are your inferiors going ahead, each in his way—and you standing still. You'd be sour and discontented. And that would make my girl miserable. So let her be. I won't have her miserable. She was made to be 'fed on the roses and laid in the lilies of life.'"

"I don't believe it. Anyway I shall ask her," Rayner said more hotly than before. He stepped past Mrs. Velvin and onto the piazza they had quitted. It gave through long French windows upon the dim-lit parlor, where Atherley sat basking in Patty's presence. Rayner peered at them, grinding his teeth. He had sought them full of a mad impulse—it died at sight of them securely conventional—Patty at the piano, striking a minor chord now and then; Atherley telling sprightly tales of life in Paris.

He had spent a year there, making believe to study philosophy. He had come away not much wiser than he went—still he had a certain air. Further, his globe-trotting gave him a long advantage conversationally. He had good eyes, and a certain knack of seeing the humorous side of all things.

How could even a desperate lover burst in upon such a pair and demand that the girl take instant choice? Rayner had been courting Patty steadfastly for six months. He had never got around to proposing—by ill luck he had thought—now he began to realize it was by will of Mrs. Velvin. Atherley was palpably hit—still he was not a declared suitor. Convention may shackle even burning jealousy—Rayner merely called a gay good night through the window, shot past it, mounted and galloped headlong away.

As the thudding hoofs grew fainter, Patty got up and walked to the window, straining her eyes through the moonlight, yet seeing nothing. Suddenly she shivered. "I wish Billy were not riding Daredevil tonight," she said. "He is gentle as a dog by daylight—but moonshine sets him wild."

"O! I dare say his master can manage him," Atherley replied. "Shall I tell me at the cli[mb] anything, ev[er] [s]ignificant word. Then you don't wonder a bit?"

"Why! How can you help it!" Patty cried with artless cruelty. "He is so out of the common every way. He manages horses and women by not being afraid of them. Both know they can trust him—unless they happen to be moon-blind."

"So you believe in moon-blindness I thought that superstition had been thoroughly discredited," Atherley said lightly.

Patty did not answer—she was listening too intently. There was a break in the hoofbeats—with wilder thudding after it. Over her shoulder she cried to Atherley, "Daredevil is running now—come help me find Billy."

"You think he has been thrown!" Atherley panted, struggling after the flying figure.

"I know it—he would hold Daredevil to the last," she answered, her voice sharp with terror.

They ran silently down the road until it turned sharply in a little glade. The white moon made it almost as light as day—thus Patty saw two figures in the middle of it—Billy Rayner safe and sound, supporting a woman evidently half-fainting. Atherley touched her arm, saying significantly:

"I think we had better go back."

Patty could grow no whiter, but she turned upon him eyes that blazed.

"I am not spying," she said clearly, then in higher key: "Billy—what is the trouble?"

"I don't quite understand—y—et," Rayner answered. "This lady," bowing to the drooping figure, "had lost herself—and came out of the woods to ask the way. That scared Daredevil—I got down from him though—and he ran off home. Perhaps you can reassure the lady—she—she seems to be upset."

"No—only unhappy," the stranger cried, suddenly uncovering her face. "So unhappy I shall die unless you tell me where to find him. You know—the man I love—Steven Atherley."

"I have brought him to you," Patty said, running forward and dragging Atherley.

The stranger flung up her hands—white hands, soft and heavily ringed. "O Steven! Steven! Forgive me!" she moaned. "I—I had to come. Remember I have not seen you since Paris. And the minute I knew——"

"Please spare explanations, Mabel," Atherley said curtly," I suppose you are staying with the Cudwins—let me take you to them at once."

"Anywhere—so you take me," the woman sighed, drooping toward him.

He looked helplessly from her to Patty and back again, then held out his hands! to imprison both of hers. Something in Patty's steadfast gaze had shamed him into manliness.

"I will explain," he said, his head high. "Mabel—Miss Gray I mean—was my good angel in Paris. Indeed I think we should have got married there but for a senseless quarrel. Neither of us saw things quite right——"

"I know—you were moon-blind. People get that way the same as horses," Patty interrupted with an eloquent look at Rayner.

He took her hand openly and laid his lips against it, saying joyously, "Happily it is only a temporary affliction; we come to clear vision after a little while."

"Oh, do we?" Patty asked with her most superbly indifferent air.

He shook his head rather, but said emphatically, "We do. In proof take this."

And with that he kissed her full on the mouth.

WAS TOO VALUABLE TO LOSE

Good Reason for Proprietor's Indignation When His Proud Chef Was Insulted.

It was at a seaside hotel, and as three or four of us were walking along the beach at low tide and picking up shells we came across a colored man who was walking with a cane and a strut and had the bearing of a czar. He gave us no notice, but one of our crowd ventured to ask him:

"Sir, do you own the earth?"

The man made no reply.

"Excuse me, sir," continued the questioner, "but have the rest of us your permission to live out the summer?"

The czar never winked an eye in reply, but continued his parade, and we passed on and left him. When we returned to the hotel we were joined by the landlord, and he was asked if he knew the colored man, and how much of North America he really owned.

"Good heavens, but you don't tell me that you have been making fun of that man!" he exclaimed in reply.

He was told what had passed, and he held up his hands and almost shouted:

"You have ruined me! I shall have to shut up the hotel within three days!"

"But why?" we all asked in chorus.

"Because that colored man is my chef. He allows me as a personal favor to run this hotel. He permits me to fill it with guests. He unbends enough to allow me to hire other help. He will feel insulted at your remarks, and give me warning that I must close the place within three days. How could you do such a thing, and you my friends!"

It seemed a hopeless case at first sight, but after we had gone in a body to the chef and made our humble apologies and promised never to do so any more, he melted, and graciously permitted things to continue on.

He Paid for It.

Caddie—I got that ball we lost this morning, sir—got it from a small boy.

Golfer—Good. Let's see—er—what did you give him for it?

Caddie—A flip under the lug, sir.—Punch.

Reform.

Knicker—What's the matter

Bocker—My wife is trying to apply the fixed post scheme to me.

ON SQUAW MOUNTAIN

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE

"Hello! Hello!"

Jerome Henderson's strong clear tones carried down the slope of the mountain. The girl, clinging to the ledge not many feet below, looked up and then bowed her head on the hard slate as if utterly exhausted.

"I'll come down. Keep your nerve," called the young man, trumpet-wise through his hands.

Stepping hastily into the little cabin which constituted for the time being, his home on the top of Squaw Mountain, he laid aside the glasses with which he had been scanning the landscape for forest fires, and slipped into his mountain boots. Then, with another shout of assurance to the girl below, he began his descent.

He had been fire warden on Squaw mountain for nearly three weeks and this was the first person who had come under his notice. The ascent of the mountain from the shore of the beautiful lake below was not hazardous, but it was tedious and it was seldom that tourists made it during the hot months of July and August. And it was during these months, when forest fires raged all about the state, that a fire warden was stationed on the summit of the peak.

Henderson called out occasionally to the girl whom he was going to assist, but she did not answer. He decided that she must be well nigh exhausted after so long a climb on a hot day.

As he passed a spring, the young fellow filled his cap with water in case he might need it when he reached the girl.

At last he found himself on the ledge beside her and even then he could get no word from her. Her head was bowed on her arms folded across the rock and her basket of berries had tumbled down the mountain side.

Lifting her hair, Henderson bathed her brow with his dampened handkerchief. Presently the girl opened her eyes and looked about.

"Oh," she said at last, half dazedly. "You—you found me!"

In a less serious moment the young man would have accused her of asking a foolish question; as it was he refrained.

"How did you come so far alone?" he asked when he had found a safe seat for her.

"I was blue-berrying and before I knew it I was—lost. What time is it?" she asked.

"Nearly four o'clock and you can't possibly return tonight—you are exhausted," Henderson told her as gently as he could. "It is miles to the foot of the mountain."

The girl turned pale again. "But—" she hesitated and looked about her. "Who are you and why are you here?" she asked as if only now she were beginning to realize her situation and the strangeness of having found a human being near her.

"I am Jerome Henderson, fire warden during my college vacation. In looking about for fresh fires I spied you down the slope here. I could see no companion with you and—I called out. That's all."

"Do you live up there?" she asked, looking far up at the peak above her.

"At least, I exist for two months—but it's good pay," he said, half laughing, "and it's novel."

The girl bathed her hot face and hands with the cool spring water and even through the sunburn the man beside her could see her fresh beauty.

"Then—I'll have to sleep here?" she asked, her voice wavering as she thought of the dark shadows that would soon fall all about her.

"No; as soon as you are rested, I will help you up to my cabin and you may remain there. I'll go down for the night and you'll be as safe as a child in its mother's arms. But—I'll have to ask you to do duty for me. The fires are bad just now, and I have to report any fresh evidences I see."

"I—I'll do what I can but—you?" she asked, looking at him with wide eyes.

"Oh, I'll make the descent all right. I'm accustomed to it and I can take a message to your people," he assured her.

"Yes," she cried, "that has worried me so. I'm visiting friends at Moosley Camp. They have a 'phone."

"Good," exclaimed Henderson. "So have I! Up there in my little cabin I have a telephone so as to report the fires and as soon as we reach the top you shall call up your friends."

As if the relief of mind refreshed her body, the girl rose to her feet and tied her hat more securely under her chin. For one moment she looked ruefully at the basket of berries scattered down the slope. Then she laughed—and the echo came back to them both. "All my day's work!" she said.

"Never mind, you can get more on your way down tomorrow," Henderson said. "Now, are you ready?"

"Quite. Oh, I cannot thank you enough for finding me. I don't—"

He interrupted her. "Save your energy for the climb. I don't want any more thanks than your effort to make the cabin safely," he said.

In silence they wound their way to the flat surface of Squaw mountain, where the fire warden's tiny cabin nestled under the evergreens.

"How perfectly darling!" exclaimed the girl when she beheld the miniature house. "And you live here quite alone?" she asked.

"Entirely. I cook, wash, clean house—do everything myself," he told her, laughing. "Don't you smell the coffee now?"

The girl sniffed. "I surely do—and you put it on before you came down!" She looked at him in wonder. How could a man be so thoughtful?

"The telephone is just inside so if you will call up your friends, I'll prepare supper and then start down the mountain. Assure them that you are absolutely safe and—that I have come down to the village," he added.

The girl would have remonstrated but she knew it was useless. She tried several times to speak—to try to find some other way out of the predicament, but on each occasion she was completely silenced by his hand and look.

During the little supper which Henderson spread on the tiny rustic table she told him that she was Helena Armstrong and many other interesting things—things that might have been less entertaining to someone who was not so completely charmed by her. That her home was not farther than fifty miles from Boston, where he spent nine months of the year in college, he was more than happy to learn.

When they had finished the little meal they sat out on the rustic lookout and watched the young silver moon slip into the sky. "I've never seen anything so lovely in my life," Helena whispered as if she were afraid to speak aloud. "It is so peaceful—so beautiful!"

"It has never seemed so beautiful before," the young man ventured; "but—I must be on my way. I'll take my lantern. You won't be afraid for there is nothing in the world to harm you up here. Just keep watch until you retire and if you see fresh smoke in any direction other than the ones I have pointed out to you, telephone to me. I've left the number inside." He entered the cabin and came forth presently with a lantern and his cap.

Helena trembled, but she tried not to let him see it. The prospect of a night alone on the top of a mountain was overpoweringly dreadful, but it could not be helped. She put out her hand to him. "I—I don't know what to say," she faltered.

"Say nothing but that you'll be glad to see me—in the morning," he said, gaily. "You'll find plenty to eat in the cupboard and you'll sleep like a log up here in this wonderful air. Good night."

"Good night," Helena echoed in a small voice as he left her standing alone on the tiny porch in the light of the silver moon. "Good night," she called after him.

He waved his lantern and was gone.

Helena did not allow herself to think of the loneliness of it all. She hurried inside and, by the light of the small lamp, read till she was sleepy. Then she lay down on the camp bed and slept like a baby. It was her first night on a mountain top and whether it was the air or the height of the wonderful peace of it all she never knew, but something in that night behind her and in the coming she knew that she had met her mate in this young fire warden of Squaw Mountain.

It was two years later that she—with Jerome Henderson, her husband—sat down to the rustic cabin to eat their wedding supper and recall the happiness.

RELICS OF GREAT ARMADA

Most Interesting Being Brought Up From Waters of Tobermory Off Scotch Coast.

Some curious relics of the Spanish Armada are the results of the diving operations carried on last October in Tobermory bay, where one of the great Spanish warships, said to have been the Admiral of Florence, was wrecked in the autumn of 1588, when flying homeward after rounding the north of Scotland to escape the English squadrons.

Cannon and old coins have from time to time been brought to the surface, but the gold and silver to the value of thirty millions that tradition includes in the lading of the galleon have so far escaped the searchers. However, a syndicate, entitled "The Pieces of Eight, Limited," has lately bought the rights over the wreck from the Duke Argyll, and hopes, with the aid of modern diving appliances, to recover all the treasure of the Admiral of Florence.

The interesting relics among the first fruits of the efforts of the syndicate include markets and a rapier, all heavily encrusted with stony deposits; sword hilts and guards, many silver coins in various states of preservation, and several pieces of pottery. The pottery includes a jug of "tiger" ware, silver mounted, and the hall mark is 1566, twelve years before the Armada.

Among the other relics are cannon balls of various sizes, pieces of timber and iron, and a jar for cosmetics, which some are inclined to connect with the legend that this particular galleon numbered a Spanish princess among its passengers. There is a story that the Admiral of Florence bore among its treasures a crown for use at the coronation of Philip of Spain after his conquest of England.

Good Reasons.

"Yet they say the widower, who has just got married again, was all broken up when his first wife died."

"Then if he was all broken up, that was a good reason why he should be repaired."

Domestic Demand Satisfied.

Bluebeard explained:

"They always wanted more closet room, and now they have it," he cried. Thus the forbidden chamber was accounted for.—New York Sun.

CAN'T BAR ALL THE DIVORCED

Monarchs of Great Britain and Russia Find They Must Modify Their Ideas.

Queen Mary on her husband's accession to the throne caused it to be known that she intended to revive the rules and regulations of Queen Victoria. She even went a step further, says the Metropolitan, and intimated that the men concerned in divorce cases, as respondents or as corespondents, would be regarded with disfavor in the highest quarters.

Queen Victoria never visited her displeasures on the men implicated in divorce cases, save in the solitary instance of Sir Charles Dilke. Indeed several of her most famous and most trusted ministers, such as, for instance, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston and the now octogenarian Lord Llandaff, were mixed up in all sorts of divorce cases, without ever forfeiting either their office or her good will.

Both King George and Queen Mary, however, found that it was quite impossible to put their avowed intentions into practice. They could not exclude divorced women from their court unless they barred therefrom the king's own first cousins, Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, as well as a host of other royal and imperial foreign personages more or less closely related to them by ties of blood.

In Russia divorce was condemned formerly both by the court and by society. Moreover, it was extremely difficult to accomplish, being granted only on the grounds which would suffice to secure a decree of nullity from English and American tribunals, or else for infidelity. But in the latter case the legal conditions were exacting and the cost of a suit so expensive that demands for the dissolution of marriage ties were few and far between.

Now, however, the situation has entirely changed. Divorces have become frequent in Russian society, and despite the objections of the emperor and of his Hessian born but English bred consort, the court has had to open its doors. Thus the wife of General Soukhomlinov, the minister of war, one of the most popular figures at the court of St. Petersburg and in the great world on the banks of the Neva, was first married to M. de Butewitch, with whom her union was legally and ecclesiastically severed in 1909.

Countess Witte, wife of the former premier who represented Russia at the peace conference at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1905, and who is still minister of state, is also a divorcee and is received at court. Moreover, there are a number of divorces in the imperial family itself, especially wholly unknown until the present reign.

Nile and Lake Once Connected.

Geologists are said to find in the testimony of fossils in ascertaining the changes that have taken place on the earth's surface; sometimes living animals are equally good as evidence. In the center of the vast and almost unexplored part of Africa south of the Sahara lies Lake Chad, which just now is the goal of many scientific expeditions. In several parts of this lake there have been found specimens of a fresh water shrimp of a variety found nowhere else except in the Nile. Seeds may be carried by birds for long distances, but the eggs of this shrimp are too fragile for this. The conclusion is that there must at some time, not too far away as geologists reckon, have been a junction between Lake Chad and the Nile or at least that the two must have been close enough so that in time of flood the waters mingled. Now they are separate by many hundreds of miles of desert. This has been imperfectly explored, but it is known that for a thousand miles or more to the east of the lake there extends a series of depressions that might easily be the bed of an ancient arm of the lake. This region is almost flat, and the lake even now has a habit of shrinking for miles from its banks during the dry season. Possibly engineers of the future may reopen the old course.

Questioner Floored.

One of the members of the school committee undertook to sharpen up the wits of the boys by propounding the following question:

"If I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should keep half the pie for myself, what would there be left?"

There was a profound study among the boys, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer.

"Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud so that all can hear," said the committee man.

"The plate," shouted the hopeful fellow.

The committee man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud.

His Specialty.

"I like a very sensitive horse for hunting."

"Why do you prefer a sensitive one?"

"Because he naturally is quick to take a fence."

Not Always.

"It is always wise," said the sage one, "never to take a step without attaching weight to it."

"But," objected the foolish one, "that is what the convict with chain and ball does."

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retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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In a large assortment and can please all tastes.

SPECHT & SAGER, Smethport, Pa.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To

Brasted's

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 29, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The back bone of winter does not even seem to be bent as yet.

—New white goods are advertised by Fry & Comes in this issue.

—A dime social will be held in the Baptist church parlors Friday evening, at 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

—We call your particular attention to Monheimer's great reduction sale of suits and overcoats. Look for his advertisement in this issue.

—Mrs. Kittie Storum committed suicide at her home in Warren on Thursday last. Domestic troubles are said to be the cause of the rash act.

—The first electrical storm of the year visited this section Monday afternoon. The lightning was plainly visible and thunder was heard by all.

—Smethport is not the only place that is having trouble with frozen water service lines. Over 500 service lines in Elmira hae been frozen this winter.

—As we understand it from the pictures, says an exchange, the "turkey trot" dance is one in which the turkey displays a good deal of white meat and only a little dressing.

—Mrs. Maria Bender, the oldest resident of Harrisburg died Wednesday of last week, aged almost 102 years. She was born in Philadelphia March 7, 1810, and had lived in Harrisburg 22 years.

—Hazelhurst is a very lively town at present. The new glass factory is being built and many men are employed on the construction. Richard Hurley of this place has charge of the construction of the tank for this plant.

—William Dorsch's horribly mangled body was found in the Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. yards at Galeton on Wednesday morning of last week. He had met his death while going home from his work late Tuesday evening. The deceased, who was highly respected, leaves a wife and five children to mourn his untimely death.

—That the machinery of the state game commission like the proverbial mills of the gods, grinds slowly but never misses a cog, is being brought forcibly to the attention of some fourteen Harrisburg deer hunters who composed a deer-hunting party in Centre county last fall. The state game protectors, who have been working on the case since last November, have just completed their investigation and have facts sufficient to warrant the arrest of these hunters on the charge of killing two does, and shipping their carcasses to Harrisburg during the deer season and they will be asked in the Centre county court to pay $1400 and costs of prosecution in an action already started, which will no doubt raise the price of venison to a pretty high figure.

—M. F. Melvin of Bradford, manager of the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League, writes The Miner as follows: "We are pleased to state that the Red Cross agency which was in charge of Mr. Ben. Starsky, prothonotary, succeeded in disposing of 5730 Red Cross stamps, which is very fine for a town the size of Smethport."

—Beatrice Rivers White, who was granted a divorce from her husband, Oren Payne White, through her attorney, D. C. DeWitt, of Towanda, was married to her husband on the same day the divorce was granted by the Rev. D. D. Campbell, D. D., in Towanda. She received her divorce on the grounds of desertion. Since the separation, Mr. White through the Men's Forward Movement in the West came to realize the error he had made and determined to make amends. He hastened to the east, arriving in time to hear of the divorce proceedings, but too late to withdraw the petition. They were immediately reunited.

—Charged with being the promoters and proprietors of an agency for the circulation of counterfeit money, three young men were arrested by secret service operators in Phoenixville, Pa. More than $50,000 in spurious bank notes and silver certificates were seized by the federal officials. The counterfeit money is alleged to have been made in New York, and was widely circulated in Polish and Hungarian settlements in Cleveland, New York, Bethlehem, Pa., Steelton, Pa., and other points. Millre and Pulski, according to the secret service men, advertised in Hungarian and Polish papers that they would exchange United States money for the currency of those countries.

A young woman in Youngstown, O., is slowly dying from the effects of an anti-toxin treatment. Some weeks ago, while suffering from diphtheria, she was innoculated with a serum which was impure. As a result she became ill with an affliction which affected her mentally and physically. She undergoes paroxisms of the most violent pain and has hallucinations of peculiar kinds. The attending physicians do not expect her to recover, but should she survive, her mind, it is expected, will be irrational. This is another startling reminder of the fact that the serum makers and those who have the handling of serums, should be required by law to exert the utmost caution in their work.—Era.

—Charles Friedle, a derrick man, on the new municipal building, in New York, in course of construction, was overbalanced by the wind while standing on the edge of the 21st story last Friday afternoon and tumbled all the way to the sidewalk without sustaining any injuries. Friedle's marvelous presence of mind saved him. Pedestrians saw him make a lightning reach for a rope a few feet away from him. He could not reach it but by the time he passed the eighteenth story the rope was blown directly in front of him. He soon caught hold but could not stop his downward flight. At the sixth story he struck a large knot in the rope which broke his hold. He whirled around several times but again caught the rope at the fifth floor. Ten feet from the ground the rope came to an end and Friedle dropped to the ground. Picking himself up he complained of being dizzy but said he was ready to return to work. A pair of heavy gloves had protected his hands.

AFTER A WITCHCAT

FAMILY LIES IN WAIT WITH SOLID GOLD BULLET.

"Hex" Has Caused Various Kinds of Woe in Tumbling Run Valley and Can't Be Killed With Ordinary Ammunition.

At Tumbling Run valley, near Pottsville, Pa., a family is lying in wait for a witchcat with a gun loaded with a solid gold bullet, and has also put a "witchcat-eating cat" on the trail of the "hex," or witchcat. This witchcat appeared at the home of Howell Thomas, some weeks ago. It was always seen at four o'clock in the morning prowling around the barnyard, and it is said to have grown until it was four feet long. It is averred that the hens began crowing like roosters and the pigs barking like dogs, and this first evidence that something was wrong was followed by horses, cattle, poultry and even people pining away and dying.

The climax came when Howell Thomas himself died. Two daughters were left—one a spinster, the other married. The former charged the latter with having put the "hex witchcat" on the property, and at the funeral the two had a grievous clash, for the unmarried sister tried to expel from the house the married "witch-sender."

The Thomases had been shooting at the "hex" and though their aim ordinarily was good, they seemingly could not hit the strange cat. After her father's death, Miss Thomas held a conference with an unknown witch doctor and announced that it had been revealed that the reason the bullets had not been effective was because they were lead. She followed directions and molded a solid gold bullet out of a five-dollar gold piece. But when the magic bullet was in the gun ready for use, the cat failed to reappear. Miss Thomas and the neighbors have lain in wait for the "hex," but all in vain. Some declare its absence due to the fact that too many people have been wearing crucifixes and talismans to protect themselves. The affair became so mysterious that the Pottsville Republican editorially asked a complete investigation.

The latest turn to the mysterious case, however, is the most interesting of all. A black cat owned by a Schuylkill Haven man has been found by the "hex" doctors to be a "hexahemeron cat." This cat is said to have been born on the 6th day of the sixth month in 1906, and to have been one of a litter of six kittens. It was blind only six days after being born, whereas all ordinary cats are blind nine days. The word hexahemeron is taken from two Greek words, "hex" and "hemera," and means a completion in six parts. It is usually used in referring to the six days' labor of Creation, as described in the first chapter of Genesis. While there are only five books in Moses in the authorized Bible, the hex doctors declare they have a sixth book of Moses. In this book the witch of Endor ascribes full power to the hexahemeron cat in warding off evil spells.

It was declared that the "hex cat" had beyond doubt an engagement with the evil one, whereby it had imparted to it an imp, or spirit. The Schuylkill Haven cat has never eaten anything but toads, frogs, lizards and serpents, and the hex doctors aexred that its presence will restore the Thomas homestead to a normal condition.

Her Occupation.

The junior member of the old law firm of Goldsmith, Colston, Houdley & Johnson having used the phrase "a shining ornament of the Cincinnati bar" in referring to some other lawyer, Murat Halstead seized upon the phrase and thereafter invariably referred to Mr. Johnson as "the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar." At an evening gathering Mr. Halstead saw a handsome woman. He begged to be presented, and was—to Mrs. Johnson. It did not occur to him who the lady might be. He was curious about her. "Johnson, Johnson?" he repeated; "I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mrs. Johnson. Do you live in Ohio?" "Oh, yes," replied the lady, brimming over with smiles; "I live in Cincinnati." "Indeed!" said Mr. Halstead, quite astonished; "may I inquire of what family of Johnsons you are?" The smiles were more than merry this time. "Mr. Halstead," she replied, "for fifteen years I have been trying to polish up the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar!"

A Deduction.

"Look at that fellow Gassaway!" said Hicks. "By George, if ever any man was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he's the one!"

"Think so?" said Dubkins. "Now I should have said, looking at Gassaway's mouth, that it must have been a soup-ladle he was born with."—Harper's Weekly.

The Main Reality.

Critic—How the public flock to that play! And yet there is nothing real in it.

Manager—Oh, yes, there is. There's real money in it.

Slight Accusation.

"Jobbs drinks like a fish."

"That isn't against him. Fishes drink nothing but water."

When Julia Married

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Little Julia was envied by all of her friends. It was such a triumph to have captured the rich Mr. Barclay. Ever since his arrival in Twin Corners he had been petted, pursued. Gossip credited him with a half million.

Little Julia, in spite of the sparkling sapphire on her third finger, was not quite sure of her conquest. She had been the Cinderella of the town. A pale, quiet little thing, with big gray eyes, and a slight swaying figure, she had not been counted a rival by the bouncing beauties of the neighborhood.

Then Peter Barclay came and discovered her.

"Wait till I buy the things that will set off your beauty," he exulted. "They will find out how rare your type is. You are like a Botticelli maid—or a Whistler."

Julia wasn't sure she wanted to be a type. She was not quite sure that she liked the gowns he had planned for her. His taste ran to gray-greens in velvets, with dull silver and cloth-of-gold effects. He brought her a chain of linked filagree, with a barbaric jade ornament. "When we get to Paris we will find a gown to go with it—something in flame color toned down by chiffon."

Julia was not sure that she would like anything in flame color. She infinitely preferred white satin and pearls, or pink silk and diamonds. She couldn't understand why Peter didn't take to her flowered dimities. But he held her to a faded blue gingham and a creamy mull. "Those pink-sprigged things kill the copper-lights in your hair," he complained.

"You'd think," little Julia confessed to Aunt Nancy, who had brought her up, "that I was a portrait or a statue, instead of a girl."

Aunt Nancy looked at her, over her glasses. "I don't believe you appreciate your good fortune, Julia," she said.

"Yes I do." Julia spoke emphatically. "I love Peter—I love him dearly. But somehow I feel as if I were a bit of rare old marble that he had unearthed, or a painting that he had picked up for a song."

"Nonsense," Aunt Nancy was embroidering love-knots on Julia's wedding lingerie, "you don't know how lucky you are."

"Oh, that's what every one says—but does no one ever think that Peter is lucky?"

"Peter is getting you." Aunt Nancy laid aside her work, and put her arms around the tense little figure. "Julia dear, you mustn't let your pride make you unjust to Peter."

"I won't, oh, I won't," Julia sobbed on her aunt's shoulder, "but every girl ought to have a right to say what she wants for a wedding dress—and you should hear what Peter has planned, Aunt Nancy."

Aunt Nancy drew a sigh of relief. "Oh, if it's only the wedding gown," she said "we can soon patch up your injured feelings."

"It isn't such a simple matter. Peter wants me to wear white chiffon, with no train, no trimming—just a loose flowing robe like the girl in the picture he gave me the other day—a Burne Jones, he calls it. And he wants me to carry daffodils, and wear a golden circlet around my head, and no veil."

Even optimistic Aunt Nancy was stunned by the vision of a Burne Jones bride. "I don't see why he should object to white satin and a veil," she murmured.

"Peter says he simply couldn't walk up an aisle with a modern fashion plate."

Over the bowed head Aunt Nancy murmured, wildly, "Well, of all things."

"And he doesn't want me to be married in church," Julia continued. "He wants me to be married in a garden—on the edge of the pond. He says that the iris and the water lilies will form a perfect setting."

Roused at last to the seriousness of the situation, Aunt Nancy ejaculated, "Not be married in church? Why, Julia Deming, that's perfectly blasphemous."

Quick in her defense of her lover, Julia stated, "I don't think he means to be sacrilegious, Aunt Nancy, but he worships beauty."

"But that isn't the worst of it," she continued, "he doesn't want a conventional wedding breakfast. He's going to give me a gold loving cup for one of my presents, and he has asked me to serve a pale golden punch, and pass the cup from hand to hand."

"I never served anything to drink in my life," Aunt Nancy said, with decision, "and I don't expect to begin at your wedding. Do you mean to say that he doesn't want any cake or sandwiches or chicken salad and jellied tongue, Julia?"

"He doesn't want anything but the punch," was the response; "he thinks it spoils all the romance to eat right after such a sacred ceremony."

Aunt Nancy had a vision of Twin Corners deprived of its wedding feast! "If Peter thinks," she remarked, frigidly, "that I am going to lose my reputation for hospitality, he is mistaken, Julia. You can settle with him as you like about your gown, but I shall run the refreshment end."

But Julia's tale was not yet told. "And—and after we are married," he hesitated, "we are not going to go on a trip. We are going to walk down the road, and into the woods and take a boat and float down the stream to the island, and stay there for our honeymoon."

"What!" Aunt Nancy's hands went up to her bewildered brow. "Is Peter crazy, Julia?"

"No. He has engaged the Foster's bungalow, where they camp in summer, and he's going to put in a man and a maid to cook and look after things, and he and I will commune with nature and with each other."

Aunt Nancy in her youth had listened to the pipings of Pan. "You might do worse than that," she said, softly.

"Oh, but Aunt Nancy, don't you see?" there was terror in little Julia's voice; "I'm not like you. You and uncle fitted into each other's lives. You liked to tramp the fields with him, and you liked the same books, and the same quiet evenings by the big fireplace; but Peter and I—why, Aunt Nancy, there isn't a thing that I do that Peter doesn't laugh at."

There was the rub! And Aunt Nancy knew that it was true. Peter, arrogant Peter, rich and assertive was overlooking all the beautiful budding womanhood in little Julia; was making her a lay figure on which to hang his theories.

"You just take a stand, Julia," she advised, "and don't let him think he is the whole thing."

But taking a stand with Peter was not an easy thing to do.

"I don't see why you object to my ideas, Julia," he said that night, as they stood together in the moonlight. They were at the foot of the rose garden, and its fragrance was all about them. "I don't see why you should object to looking like a Greek goddess rather than a French fashion plate. And as for refreshments, I should think your soul would recoil from the thoughts of salads and sandwiches at such a moment."

Julia's copper-hued head was against his shoulder, her adoring eyes were raised to his. For, in spite of his freakish point of view, Peter was adorable.

"But everybody in Twin Corners will think we are crazy," she protested, feebly.

"Who cares for Twin Corners?" Peter's eyes laughed into hers.

She wrenched herself from him, suddenly. "I care!" she cried shrilly; "oh, I might as well tell you, Peter, I don't like the gowns you have planned for me. I want a white satin dress with a train and a veil; and I don't want to be married on the edge of a pond. I want to be married in church; and I don't want to go into the woods for my honeymoon."

He caught her hands and looked down at her, holding her, masterfully. "Where would you like to go?" he demanded.

Julia hesitated. "I want to take a trip," breathlessly. "And——you'll laugh, Peter. I want to go to Niagara Falls and to Washington and to Mt. Vernon and to all the other places where brides go. I've never been anywhere, and I've always thought that I'd love to see those places for the first time with the man I loved."

She was trembling when she finished. Presently she heard his voice.

"You poor little thing——"

She threw herself into his arms, weeping. "Oh, I am afraid you are disappointed in me, Peter."

"No," his smile flashed down upon her, "only I've begun at the wrong end, dearest. I've traveled and studied for years. There was a time when I liked the things you like, but I've grown away from the old gods, and I expected you to give them up at once. But now you've set for me the sweetest task in the world, little girl. You shall travel the same road that I have traveled, and step by step you shall learn to come to me in mind and spirit. You want me to love white satin gowns and wedding slippers and trips to Niagara? Well, I'll see them through your eyes for a time, and then, my sweet, it will be Italy and the Isles of Greece for us—and beauty unsurpassed. But whatever comes, I shall love you, little Julia, you know that?"

"Oh, Peter, Peter."

"For marriage, after all, isn't a thing of gowns and of ceremonies, of jaunts and journeys," his lips were close to hers; "it is the pathway by which two people reach the heights, the lantern by which all the world is illumined; it's the beginning of a new heaven and of a new earth for you and for me, dear heart."

Liked Humans, Not Janitors.

"Some cats seem to have a human streak in them," said a hotel manager. "Now I have a black and gray cat that has a very mean disposition. The family is away, and often working late at the hotel sometimes two or three nights passed before I got home.

"Our cat doesn't like to be petted, but will crawl up into my lap and lie there. The janitor looks after her while the family is away. But the animal seems to crave human society.

"When I went home last night it was my first visit to my apartment in three days. I let myself in and the cat came up and greeted me. I sat down in an easy chair and lighted my pipe and the cat jumped up into my lap as usual. But she did not lie there. Instead she stood up, put a paw on each of my shoulders and with her nose rubbed first on one cheek and then on the other, keeping it up until I had to put her down. A little later I started to leave the room. The cat jumped for one of my feet, put her forepaws around my ankle and pulled me back as if to detain me. So I resumed my seat and she was apparently satisfied."

The KITCHEN CABINET

LET'S pretend, just for today,
That our hearts are free from woe,
That the wind blows just the way
We would like to have it blow.

Let's pretend that what we do
Is the work we like the best;
Let's pretend the scene we view
Is of all the loveliest.

Let's pretend we're satisfied,
Let's pretend we're brave and strong;
Maybe after we have tried
We can do it right along.

—S. E. Kiser.

IDEAS WE SHOULD HEED.

It may seem to the majority of women that advice concerning the washing of coffee and tea pots was entirely uncalled for; but knowledge of facts show that poor coffee is more often the result of unclean pots than from inferior coffee.

Tea and coffee pots should be washed after using them just as carefully as one does their good china, and left to air in the sunlight, if possible. The ideal way to serve tea is in using a teaball at the table, but for every-day life most people are too busy for such pleasures, so that a stone or earthen teapot is best to use.

Teapots that are not in frequent use will become musty, and should be scalded and well aired before using. If a lump of sugar is left in a company pot it will absorb the impurities.

Coffee pots should never stand around with the grounds in them. If coffee is to be warmed over, drain it, and reheat when wanted. If the coffee pot is emptied as soon as the meal is over and filled with cold water and boiled the pot will always be sweet.

Coffee is better and pots are easier cleaned if cheesecloth bags are used to hold the coffee or, better still, have a percolator.

A raw egg or two beaten up and milk or cream added, with a little sugar, a pinch of salt and a grating of nutmeg will often be most satisfying when the stomach has a spell of rebellion.

Nellie Maxwell.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW

and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait Enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $5.00 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 29, 1912.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for Congress from the Twenty-First congressional district, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries in April.

CHARLES E. PATTON.

Curwensville, Pa., Jan. 10, 1912.

I hereby announce that I a ma candidate for nomination to the office of representative in Congress from the 21st Pennsylvania district, subject to the action of Republicans at the primaries, in said district, April 13, 1912.

WILLIAM T. DE HAAS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 9, 1912.

For State Senator.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for renomination for the office of State Senator, to represent the 25th Pennsylvania senatorial district, subject to the action of the Republican voters of Potter, McKean and Tioga counties, at the primaries, April 13, 1912.

FRANK E. BALDWIN.

Antsin, Pa., January 22, 1912.

For National Delegate.

We are authorized to announce the name of L. W. Gleason of Cameron county as a delegate to the National Republican Convention from the Twenty-first Congressional district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries on April 13, 1912.

Driftwood, Pa., Feb. 28, 1912.

State Delegate.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the usages of the Republican party at the primaries to be held on Saturday, April 13, 1912.

H. E. GAFFNEY.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 5, 1912.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the position of delegate from McKean county, to the Republican State convention, subject to the action of Republican voters at the primaries April 13.

JAMES A. CONNELLY.

Ludlow, Pa., Feb. 6, 1912.

In this issue we announce L. W. Gleason of Driftwood, Cameron county, as a delegate to the Republican National Convention from the 21st district, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held on April 13, next. A more complete writeup will appear in a later issue.

Ohio has been given the power to issue bonds for $50,000,000 to build roads and Maryland has the matter under consideration. Baltimore county is preparing to raise $1,500,000 for the purpose. Pennsylvania's lead in the good roads movement is one that will be followed, as it is about the most important piece of work undertaken by any state in years.—Kane Republican.

Theodore Roosevelt has announced that he will be a candidate on the Republican ticket providing the nomination is tendered him at the Chicago convention. Now is the time for Roosevelt delegates to the National convention to announce and give the voters of every district time to express their preferences. Every district will have its Taft delegates and every district should also have its Roosevelt delegates.

The wreck of the old battleship Maine, which has just been freed from the mud of Havana harbor, where it has lain for about fourteen years, it to be towed out to deep water and allowed to sink again beneath the waves, while naval bands play funeral marches. The ceremony will take place about March 1. Congress indignantly rejected offers of speculators to buy the old hulk for exhibition purposes, feeling that it would be an insult to our navy to give a commercial coloring to this relic.

The new school code requires that every tax collector must make full settlement of all taxes on his duplicate before he can receive the tax duplicate for the coming year. This new law gives the collector no alternative but to insist on prompt payment of all taxes. The law states that in case any male resident or inhabitant of any school district refuses or neglects to pay his occupation tax after having received ten days' notice, the collector shall notify any firm, association or corporation, where such delinquent is employed, and such collector may thereupon request payment by such employer out of any money then due or thereafter to become due to such delinquent taxpayer, and the amount must then be deducted from the delinquent's wages.

Should the vote for president next November, be close, women voters may be able to affect the outcome of the balloting in no small way. Dr. Tindall of Washington has been compiling statistics about previous elections. He has discovered that six Presidents of the United States were elected by a smaller number of votes than those which woman suffrage states will control in the next electoral college. The states now having woman suffrage are California, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Washington and Wyoming, with a total of 37 votes in the electorial college. Three other states, Kansas, Wisconsin and Oregon, may be brought into the woman suffrage ranks next November, which would increase the electorial college votes to 64. Dr. Tindall's statistics show that Presdents Adams, Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Taylor, Hayes and Cleveland were elected by a majority of 37 votes or less.

BON AIR NEEDS $15,000.

M. F. Melvin, Founder and General Manager, Makes Plea for Funds.

"The Bon Air Sanitarium, a tuberculosis camp, located 1800 feet above the sea, in the hills of Pennsylvania, near Bradford, has demonstrated that the fight against the white plague can be successfully waged, not only with incipient and moderately developed cases, but also with patients where the disease is far advanced," said Milton F. Melvin, the founder of the camp and the general manager of its board of control, in the Buffalo Evening News. To-day Mr. Melvin is a tall, stalwart man, and from appearance in the full enjoyment of perfect health. Eight years ago he was stricken with the dreaded white plague and confined to his bed for 20 months. He says that he was cured through open air treatment at White Haven, Pa.

"Because of the way I recovered my health, I decided to open a way for others to do the same," continued Mr. Melvin. "The Bon Air Sanitarium was organized in 1909 under the Northwestern American Tuberculosis League, and it has on its board of control, from Buffalo, Charles R. Huntley and Dr. Edward J. Kiepe. Dr. Delancey of Rochester is the examining physician of Bon Air for Buffalo.

"The institution is a philanthropic one, and as 54 of the patients cared for and treated at Bon Air came from Buffalo, it is nothing more than fair to appeal to the people of Buffalo to contribute a part of the small amount needed to carry on the work of this institution.

"Bon Air in six months grew from eight to 45 beds. In the last two years we have treated 54 patients from Buffalo. Unlike Raybrook and many other tubercular camps, we do not bar those who are afflicted beyond the incipient stage of the disease. The only incipient case we had came from Buffalo. Twenty-five were moderately advanced and 28 far advanced. The records show that 42 of those who left before the first of January, the disease was arrested; its progress stopped in 10 cases; 20 improved; three were apparently cured; three unimproved; two failed; three died; and one was non-tubercular. They were given 9195 hospital days' treatment.

"The cost to the patients at Bon Air is $7 a week, but to take care of them it costs us $10. To make up this difference we are asking for $15,000. This amount will put the institution on its feet and balance its books. Subscriptions are being asked for amounts of $100. Philanthropic people of Bradford, Olean, Jamestown, etc., have already subscribed $7500 of this amount.

"Everybody connected with Bon Air is a cured tubercular patient, forming a strong bond between those who are doing the work and the ones being treated. The league in charge of the camp is organized on a membership basis of $5 per year. There are now about 300 members and we plan to increase this number to 1000."

BAND DANCE STATEMENT.

Statement of I. O. O. F. Band Dance Thursday, Feb. 15, 1912.

RECEIPTS.

Tickets	$124.50
Supper	23.85
Donations	34.45
Candy Booth	5.15
	$187.95

DISBURSEMENTS.

Provisions	$ 5.85
Lyceum	15.00
Advertising	3.25
Taking care of rigs	.75
Amount cleared	163.10
	$187.95

E. W. STRONG,
E. R. GALLUP,
F. H. BIEVER,
Management.

ROOSEVELT ANNOUNCES CANDIDACY.

(Continued from Page 1.)

ple as a whole. And we feel that you would be unresponsive to a plain public duty if you should decline to accept the nomination, coming as the voluntary expression of the wishes of a majority of the Republican voters of the United States, through the action of their delegates in the next national convention.

Yours truly,

William E. Glasscock, Chester H. Aldrich, Robert P. Bass, Joseph M. Carey, Chase S. Osborne, W. R. Stubbs Herbert S. Hadley.

To the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt, New York City, N. Y.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 26.—Colonel Roosevelt plunged into the thick of the fight for the presidential nomination to-day. He said unequivocally that he was in the fight to the end, and was glad of it. He replied to the charge that he would be breaking his "third term" pledge if he accepted another nomination, and asserted that whether or not he should be the choice of his party at the Chicago convention he would abide by its decision.

"I am perfectly happy now," said he, "because I am making a straight-cut fight for a principle. The issue is in no way a personal one."

"Do you intend to support the Republican nominee, whoever he may be?" was asked.

"Of course I shall," he replied with emphasis.

In his address to-day he defended his proposal for limited recall of judicial decisions and championed the right of popular opinion to control the machinery of government.

Colonel Roosevelt's position in regard to the "third term" was explained to a number of callers to-day.

"My position is perfectly simple," he said. "I stated it as clearly as I could in 1904, and reiterated it in 1907. I said I would not accept a nomination for a third term, under any circumstances, meaning, of course, a third consecutive term.

"I could not have said less at the time, nor could I have said more. Of course I could not then know whether or not there would be a demand for me to accept a nomination at some future time. And believing, as I do, that the selection of candidates for the presidency rests entirely with the people, I could not say that at no time in my life would I accept another nomination.

"It must be clear to any reasonable man that the precedent which forbids the third term has reference only to a third consecutive term. It grew out of the fact that a President of the United States under the present convention system of electing delegates, can, if he knows how to use the machinery at his disposal, renominate himself, even though the majority of his party is against him. But after he has been out of office for a term, he has lost control of that machinery. He is in the position absolutely of any private citizen. The machinery is then in the hands of the man occupying the office of President."

Standing in the Assembly chamber of the Massachusetts capitol to-day, Theodore Roosevelt explained and emphasized his new project for the limited recall of judicial decisions. Colonel Roosevelt struck out boldly at those who have criticised his plan.

"Our system of government is a confessed fault," he said, "unless the people are to be trusted to govern themselves."

Colonel Roosevelt's visit to the State House was unexpected. After appearing in the House he went to the Senate chamber and spoke briefly. In both instances he was received cordially, although there was no prolonged applause during his speech.

At the outset of his speech Colonel Roosevelt declared, "I know that you expect me to speak to you to-day, telling you just what I think and believe." He continued:

"We of to-day, if we are worthy of endeavoring to lead the people aright, must be doing our part to secure social and industrial justice through genuine popular rule, and our object was set forth by the great Italian radical leader Mazzini, when he wrote: 'No war of classes, no hostility to existing wealth, no wanton or unjust violation of the rights of property, but a constant disposition to ameliorate the condition of the classes least favored by fortune.' That should be our aim, gentlemen, to help better, not merely politically, but industrially, the condition of those least favored by fortune, and to endeavor to make and to keep the government of this country genuinely a government of, by and for the people. And because I believe in genuine poular rule, I favor direct nominations, direct primaries, including direct preferential Presidential primaries, not

(Continued on Page 8.)

Full line of samples of dress materials. Call and see them.

LENA YOUNG.

2t Room 1, Grange Bank Bldg.

DISEASE OF HONEY BEES.

American Foul Brood Has Been Found in McKean County.

The United States Department of Agriculture calls attention to the fact that American foul brood has been found to exist in McKean county. This Department has no means of knowing how long the disease has existed in the region, but desires to notify bee keepers of the trouble and to suggest that, if not already informed concerning the disease, they inform themselves at once. Very frequently colonies of bees are destroyed by disease and the loss is attributed by the bee keeper to some other cause. Farmers' Bulletin No. 442, The Treatment of Bee Diseases, gives a description of the brood diseases and methods of treatment. It will be sent free on request to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Attention is also called to the fact that the brood diseases do not at all injure honey for human consumption, so that there need be no fear on the part of purchasers of honey.

FROM HON. A. F. BANNON.

The Former State Senator an Admirer of Theodore Roosevelt.

Bradford, Feb. 26.

To the Era:—Now that Roosevelt has spoken in favor of accepting the nomination for the presidency, what's the matter with our local Progressives that they fail to put a Roosevelt candidate for National delegate in the field?

There are representative Republicans, such as Hon. Lewis Emery, Col. S. W. Smith, Guy B. Mayo and others who would make the right showing. Roosevelt is a vote-getter. Everybody knows that fact. He needs no introduction to the voters of this country.

If I were not out of commission, I would not be afraid to fling my announcement to the breeze as a candidate for delegate on the Roosevelt side.

Roosevelt is the greatest man of the day for the whole people.

A. F. BANNON.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address

E. W. JONES

WANTED—Laundry work and sewing to do at home.

It MRS. REEVES, over Miner office

AMETHYST

Birthstone of February

Look over our fine line of Rings and Pins

Engstrom & Olson,
Jewelers

Smethport, - - - Pa.

EASTERN SEASHORE TRIP
15-Day Excursion

Atlantic City
Cape May
Wildwood Ocean City
Sea Isle City

Friday, April 5, 1912
$10.80 from Smethport

Tickets good going on regular trains April 5, and good returning until April 19. STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA returning on deposit of ticket.

Full particulars of ticket agent, or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main St. Buffalo.

Family Favorite
the Lamp Oil that Saves Eyes
Nothing is more important in the home than clear, steady light. Insure this by getting the oil that burns clear and clean without a flicker down to the last drop. Pennsylvania crude oil refined to perfection.
Costs no more than the tank-wagon kind—saves money—saves work—saves eyes.
Your dealer has Family Favorite Oil in barrels direct from our refineries.
Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
PITTSBURG, PA.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasoline.

OVERCOAT SALE
NOW ON
—AT—
H. W. Rubin,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

1913 Calendars

The successful business man is invariably one who plans far ahead—one who lays out a definite scheme of action and sticks to it to the end.

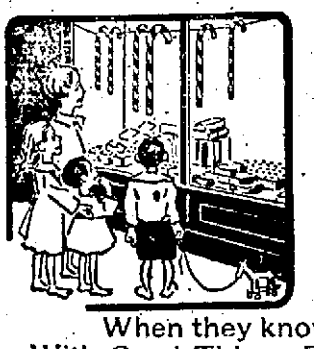
This is particularly true of advertising, which should be carefully planned in advance and not handled in a hap-hazard, "hit or miss" fashion.

Your advertising for the coming year should, by all means, include a calendar for 1913 to be sent to your customers in the holiday season.

This is the time to select your 1913 calendar. I am in the market with a copyrighted, exclusive line from one of the foremost calendar houses of the country—a house long noted for the superior quality of its products. You will do yourself an injustice if you fail to see this extraordinary line.

When will you call?

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor Miner.



THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS than the pantry with locked doors, ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.
Made in the cup.
Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey

Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.

It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—
Smethport, - - - Pa.

SHOES! SHOES!

his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

Clean Sweep of Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits.

Every Garment marked at Sweeping Reduction for quick Claarance. Prices that will suit your purse. Garmenta that will suit you. Come early while we have your size.

Shoes

25 pairs, sizes 2 to 2 1-2, only ladies shoes. 3.00 Value at $1.39 per pair.

Remember only above sizes at above price.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Milk Separators from $17.50 up

FOR SALE AT

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

The Bean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class matter

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 29, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Bradford has a motor cycle club with a flourishing membership.

—A. L. Gallup, who has been seriously ill for some time, is improving slowly.

—The ladies of the Baptist church cleared $12.60 at their cooked food sale held last Saturday afternoon.

—Plumbers are still busy trying to thaw out water service lines and many people still have to carry water.

—Mrs. J. R. Hoffman, nee Margaret Koenig, fell on a slippery sidewalk last Friday and was quite painfully injured.

—Notwithstanding the severe winter, automobiles have been driven nearly every day this winter in this vicinity.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest entertained a large party at their home on West Main street last evening at dinner and cards.

—C. A. Burdick, who has been seriously ill at his home for some time, is not improving as rapidly as his many friends wish.

—Henry Hatch has rented the flat over George Brennan's store and will move his family here from Cleveland, Ohio, in the near future.

—Services at St. Luke's Friday evening, March 1st, at 7:30. The Rev. Frank T. Cady of St. Joseph's church, Port Allegany, will be the special preacher.

—Scott E. Redfield, who has been confined to the house for the past ten days with an attack of mumps, has sufficiently recovered so as to be able to be out again.

—We beg to acknowledge the receipt on an invitation and complimentary ticket for the Clay Products Exposition to be held at the Coliseum, Chicago, March 7 to 12, 1912.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Wetrick of Coudersport on Thursday, Feb. 22, 1912, a girl. Grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Peter Connolly of this place are receiving congratulations.

—The Backus Novelty Company has sold a new Premier automobile to the Korner Brothers of Bradford. This is said to be one of the finest cars ever brougth into this section for the price.

—The first steps toward organizing a men's literary and debating club were taken Tuesday evening, when fourteen of our representative citizns met in St. Luke's parish house for the purpose of forming such a club. Committees were appointed to draw up suitable by-laws for the club and the next meeting will be held in the parish house next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. All men interested in this movement are requested to be at this meeting. Smethport has long been in need of such a club and now that the movement is started all should assist in making it a success.

—Miss Marion Gallup entertained a number of young ladies at her home on Green street last Saturday evening. Dainty refreshments were served and all report a very pleasant evening.

—The new steel ceiling spoken of in a previous issue, is being placed on the postoffice rooms this week. When this work is completed and the painting done our postoffice will be the pride of the town.

—On Friday evening a very jolly party was given by the members of Miss Day's Sunday school class in honor of Miss Ella Gallup. After an evening spent in games, a delicious picnic supper was served.

—The Epworth League will hold one of its famous socials at the M. E. chapel, Friday evening, at 8 o'clock. Everybody invited. Admission 10c. Some of the special features of the evening will require an extra fee.

—Another good well was drilled in on the Bouton & Forrest lease, about a mile and a half southwest of town early last Monday morning. Judge Bouton told the writer on Monday that this well made the best showing of any on the lease at the time it was drilled in.

—We have received from Dr. John Clark a copy of the Daily Mexican, published in Mexico City, where he and Mrs. Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean are now sojourning. The paper is printed in English and differs but slightly from the dailies of the United States.

—The Stanley Bright Bible class gave a very pleasant Washington's birthday social in the M. E. chapel on Thursday evening; about sixty people being present. Various games and contests were enjoyed and excellent refreshments were served. The committee in charge were Mesdames C. W. Freeman, Archie Malcolm, George Denning and James McGowan.

—Mr. and Mrs. Louis Steinhauer entertained a number of friends last Friday at dinner, at their home in Farmers Valley, the occasion being the 36th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Steinhauer, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roeder of Farmers Valley, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stull of Portville, N. Y. Covers were laid for fourteen. But twice in the thirty-six years these three well known and highly respected couples have been married have they missed meeting on the anniversary day of their marriage. A very enjoyable time was had by all who were present.

—An exchange very truthfully says: Only a few of our girls have any definite idea of the meaning of self-respect. They refuse to associate with a young woman who has a blot on her character, but they never consider the blot on the young man's character. There is no double standard of morality and here is where our girls are found wanting in self-respect.

—On Tuesday evening of last week Miss Margaret Hubbard entertained 16 of her girl friends at her home on King street, from 5 to 9 o'clock, the occasion being in honor of her 16th birthday. At 6 o'clock Miss Hubbard served an elegant dinner to her guests and later in the evening games and music took up the time. All spent an enjoyable evening and wished their young hostess many happy returns of the day.

—Few people have any idea what an incentive it is to both teacher and scholar to know that parents and outsiders are taking a lively interest in their work. We believe the "little folks" at school appreciate such interest moer perhaps than the larger ones. Still, the effect is not lost on any of them, and we hope every parent will take a hint from this and place the public school on their visiting list, says an exchange.

—Winifred Ankers, an attendant at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Nursery and Infants' hospital, has confessed that she put oxalic acid into the milk prepared for the babies which caused the death of eight little innocents and made four more seriously ill. Her purpose, the girl said, was not to kill the children, but to make it appear that the nurses in the hospital, against whom she had a grudge, were not taking proper care of the children.

—The Prohibitionists of this county held a suggestion meeting at Bradford on Monday. They suggested that the judge of the county court refuse to grant any licenses in this county and several other things among which were that Hon. R. W. Hillion of this place be a candidate for state senator and Victor Engstrom of Smethport be a candidate for the legislature. They also suggested that Mr. Engstrom be a candidate to the Prohibition State convention.

The action of Hon. Henry Hazelton of Smethport, in presenting a fire alarm system to the borough is a most commendable one. In making this gift Mr. Hazelton benefitted every citizen residing at the county seat. The gift may also be the means of saving the property of some laboring man, who should be obtain a loss by reason of the borough not having a suitable alarm, and this in itself should be sufficient recompense to the donor.—Kane Republican.

After an illness of several weeks Dr. J. R. Flickinger, principal of the Lock Haven State Normal school, and well and favorably known to many people in McKean county, died rather unexpectedly shortly after 1 o'clock on Saturday morning, Feb. 17. The cause of death was perforation of the stomach. The attending physicians were entirely confident of his recovery until Friday, when his condition took a sudden turn for the worse and he rapidly declined until he passed away.

—Smethport now has a company of Boy Scouts. This organization starts off with a membership of fourteen hustling young members. J. Lawrence Morrison is Scout Master, Norman Simpkins, corporal; Raymond Bain, captain of first patrol; Lowell Waite, captain of second patrol. For the present the meetings are being held in the basement of the county jail. The Scouts held a successful candy sale last Saturday, the proceeds of which will be used to make a fund for the purchase of uniforms and other necessary regalia.

—In a long article in last week's Mt. Jewett Herald, Editor Tom M. McClellan gives a very vivid description of the large profits to be derived by scientifically raising apples in this county. He takes the orchards of D. C. Young of this place for an example and shows where his orchard netted him as high as $200 per acre for last year's crop. This may be an exceptional case but it shows conclusively that apples can easily be made a very profitable crop in this county and it will be well for every owner of an orchard to post himself on the best methods of raising high grade apples.

—With her face to the ground and her body partially covered with snow the body of Mrs. Amy Wallace was found near the barn at her home in Kinzua Friday evening. She had been dead many hours. J. W. Green, justice of the peace, conducted an investigation and decided that death was due to heart failure. Mrs. Wallace lived alone in a small house one-half mile from Kinzua village. The theory is that she had started for the barn to do the evening chores and when near the barn was attacked with heart failure. The cow was found loose nearby and its appearance indicated that it had not been cared for within 36 hours.

—Mr. Thomas Ryan of this town keeps a thermometer hanging in the old accustomed place outside the door which has registered anywhere from 40 to 50 degrees below zero during most of the winter. It is believed by many that this is the reason we have had such exceptionally cold weather along the Big Level. Later on, this thermometer will even things up; for it is said that it seldom registers above zero even in mid-summer; which of course makes this one of the coolest, most delightful summer resorts this side of Pike's Peak—Notes and Observations in Kane Republican.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. V. B. Bouton was a Bradford visitor last Friday.

E. M. Parks of Rixford was a visitor in town yesterday.

Bernard McNally is visiting his sister, Miss Marie Purtle.

Mrs. S. E. Bell returned home Friday from a visit to Paris, Ind.

James Tabor of Philadelphia is visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. J. A. Holder is visiting relatives in Port Allegany this week.

Raymond Bain and Paul Connolly were Bradford visitors over Sunday.

Miss Blanche Cole of Bradford was the guest of friends in town this week.

Mrs. Theron R. Lyle left this morning for a visit to friends in Port Allegany.

Mrs. Peter Connolly and son, Scott, were Coudersport vistors this week.

Hugh Beyer of Olean was the guest of Smethport friends last Friday and Saturday.

Mayor Spencer DeGoller of Bradford was a business visitor in town this week.

Miss Ella Gallup left last Saturday for Buffalo where she has accepted a position.

Mrs. Emil Free and Miss Mate Connolly were Hazelhurst visitors last Friday evening.

Charles Beers of Hazelhurst was a guest at the Frigs' banquet last Thursday evening.

Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett was the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. W. Freeman this week.

Miss Bess Quiffisk has returned home from Buffalo after spending several weeks in the city.

Mrs. William A. Turner of Syracuse, N. Y., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Scott E. Redfield.

C. Frank Hunt of Rixford was doing jury duty this week and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mrs. O. W. Jackerson and sons, Howard and Mason, and daughter, Jessie are visiting friends in town today.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Miller and infant daughter of Buffalo spent Sunday with Mrs. Miller's sister, Mrs. A. B. Heaton.

Sandie Thomas A. Morrison left on Monday for Williamsport where he will assist in holding a session of the Superior court.

Senator and Mrs. Frank E. Baldwin of Austin spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mrs. Baldwin's mother, Mrs. Alice McClure.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Roeder of Austin were the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roeder, at Farmers Valley last week.

Chief of Police Harry Mooney of Bradford has been a court attendant all this week. Back in the days when Harry was one of Bradford's fast ball players he had many friends here and time does not hang heavily on his hands while in the burg now.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending February 24th, 1912:

Laird, Mr. W. H.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Are You

One of the lucky ones that got a SUIT HERE at a SAVING of from

$5.00 to $7.50

Yes, it was good luck to get a fine all wool $15 or $18 ALL WOOL Suit or Overcoat at

$10.00 or $12.00

There's still a splendid selection here at that price, sizes 34 to 42—it is the Best Clothing Bargain ever offered.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Church Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "Wooltex"

NEW WHITE GOODS FOR THE SPRING SEWING

A Most Pleasing lot of new white goods ask for your attention this week.

This shipment of 1912 white cottons is so large and varied that we believe your every want is anticipated. With every vacility for buying to the best possible advantage, we are in a position to offer values better than the average store and not excelled by any. LOOK THEM OVER.

Flaxon and Linaire the widely advertised sheer cotton with linen finish. White and Colored,.....16c to 35c per yd.

Batistes—Persian Lawns—French Lawns—India Linens .....10c to 50c per yd.

Dimities—Fancy Checks—Plaids and Stripes.....10c to 35c per yd.

Poplin—Madras—Jacquards, etc.,.....15c to 35c per yd.

Wide Welt Pique—Ratynette.....20c to 25c per yd.

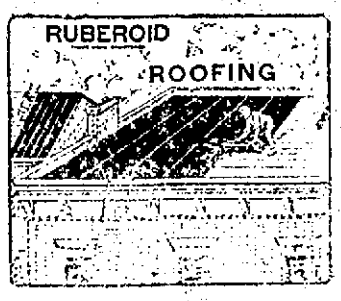
Long Cloths .....10c to 17c per yd.

Cambrics—Nainsooks .....10c to 25c per yd.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, : : : PA.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

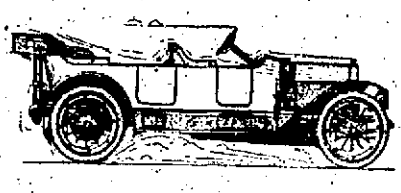
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE



THE new Columbia Silent Knight car is the last word in motoring and adds a new pleasure to the sport.

It is not an experiment nor is it untried. Like its European prototypes it is eminently worthy of the wide-spread interest that has been aroused for its power, flexibility and silence.

WRITE FOR LITERATURE

Columbia WITH SILENT KNIGHT MOTOR

The Columbia Motor Car Company

Division United States Motor Co.

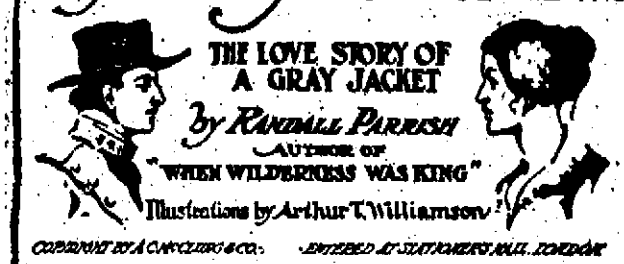
Broadway and 61st Street, New York, U.S.A.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.

DISTRIBUTORS FOR

McKEAN, POTTER and WARREN Counties

My Lady of the North



THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET

By RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"

Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Wounded leader [illegible] by Major Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes, he orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy. The girl protests and says she will appeal to General Sheridan.

CHAPTER X.—Wayne held prisoner in a copse, sees files of Confederates pass the road at a distance and knows that Craig has delivered the message.

CHAPTER XI.—The captive is brought before General Sheridan who refuses to set him free unless he reveals the secret message.

CHAPTER XII.—Captain Wayne is led to understand that the woman he admires is Edith Brennan, wife of the Federal officer, who hates him. He is given the choice of revealing the Lee message or of being shot as a spy.

CHAPTER XIII.—Wayne is rescued from his prison by Jed Bungay. One of them must get a quick report through the lines to General Lee and Jed starts on the mission.

CHAPTER XIV.—Finding the garb of an absent officer of the Union artillery, Wayne penetrates to the ballroom, where a social army function is in progress, and pretends to be Col. Curran of Ohio.

CHAPTER XV.—The disguised scout is introduced to a Miss Miner. She knows the Curran family and Wayne barely escapes being unmasked. Edith Brennan appears on the scene.

CHAPTER XVI.—Mrs. Brennan recognizes Wayne. She having been led to believe that he had been sent away, learns of the treachery of Maj. Brennan and says she will save him.

CHAPTER XVII.—Mrs. Brennan secures a pass through the inner lines and goes part way with Wayne when they are suddenly confronted by Brennan.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Brennan attempts to shoot Wayne, but the latter throws his enemy to the ground senseless.

CHAPTER XIX.—Bidding My Lady of the North adieu, Wayne starts alone on a wild dash for liberty. Encountering a man in a lieutenant's uniform, he compels him to accompany him.

CHAPTER XX.—His companion turns out to be Jed Bungay in disguise. They clear the Union lines and race towards the Confederate camp.

CHAPTER XXI.—Captain Wayne and the faithful Jed reach the Lee camp in safety and are sent away to accompany reinforcements to General Early.

CHAPTER XXII.—Wayne and his regiment are sent to save the Confederate army in the battle of Shenandoah. Here a solid wall of blue overwhelms them and the regiment is lost.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Battle in the Shenandoah.

To me it has always seemed remarkable that after all my other battle experiences—Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, ay! even including that first fierce baptism of fire at Manassas—no action in which I ever participated should remain so clearly photographed upon memory as this last desperate struggle for supremacy in the Shenandoah. Every minute detail of the conflict, at least so far as I chanced to be a personal participant, rises before me as I write, and I doubt not I could trace each step taken upon that strife-[illegible].

The [illegible] had not sounded when I first awoke and, rolling from my blanket, stepped about me. Already a faint glow, the fire of dying, heralding the dawn, was showing clearly defined in the east, and making manifest those heavy [illegible] which, hanging dank and low, obscured the valley. The tired troops of my troop were yet lying upon the ground, wrapped tightly in their blankets, oblivious of the deadly work before them; but I could hear the horses already moving uneasily at their picket-ropes, and observed here and there the chilled figure of a sentry leaning upon his gun, oddly distorted in form by the enveloping mist.

Directly in advance of where we rested, a long hill sloped gently upward for perhaps a hundred yards, its crest topped with a thick growth of young oak-trees, yet seemingly devoid of underbrush. No troops were camped in our immediate front, and feeling curious to ascertain something of our formation, as well as to examine the lay of the land between us and the position occupied by the enemy, I walked slowly forward, unhindered, until I attained the crest. The fog yet held the secrets of the valley safely locked within its brown hand, and I could penetrate none of its mysteries. It was like gazing down from some headland into a silent, unvexed sea. But directly across from where I stood, apparently also, the summit of another chain of [illegible] hills similar to those we occupied, I could perceive the flames of numerous camp-fires leaping up into sudden radiance, while against the brightening sky a great flag lazily flapped its folds to the freshening breeze. Evidently our opponents were first astir, and the headquarters of some division of the enemy must be across yonder. As I gazed, other fires burst forth to left and right, as far as the unaided eye could carry through the gloom, and I was thus enabled to trace distinctly those advanced lines opposing us. Experience told me their position must be a strong one, and their force heavy.

As I turned to mark our own formation, the roll of drums rang out, while the quickening notes of the reveille sounded down the long lines of slumbering men. Life returned, as if by magic, to those motionless forms, and almost in a moment all below me became astir, and I could clearly distinguish the various branches of the service, as they stretched away, commingled upon either hand. We were evidently stationed close to the centre of our own position. The intervening ground sloped so gently forward, while the hill crest was so thickly crowned with trees, it looked an ideal position from which to advance in line of attack. Upon my right there appeared a break in the solidity of our line, but even as I noted it, wondering at the oversight, the dense front of an infantry column debouched from a ravine and, marching steadily forward, filled the gap. I could distinctly mark the wearied manner in which the men composing it flung themselves prostrate on the hard ground the moment they were halted—doubtless all through the long hours of the black night they had been toiling on to be in time.

Aides were galloping furiously now among the scattered commands. The obscuring fog slowly rose from off the face of the valley, but all the central portion remained veiled from view. Suddenly, as I watched, the brown cloud beneath me was rent asunder here and there by little spits of fire, and it was curious to observe how those quick spiteful darts of flame swept the full length of my vista. I could distinguish no reports,—it was too far away,—but realized that the opposing pickets had caught sight of each other through the gloom. Then a big gun boomed almost directly opposite me, its flame seeming like a red-hot knife rending the mist. This had barely vanished when a sudden cheer rang out upon my left, and I turned in time to behold a thin, scattered line of gray-clad infantrymen swarm down the steep slope into the valley. With hats drawn low, and guns advanced, they plunged at a run into the mist and disappeared. Our skirmishers had gone in; the ball had opened.

I had tarried long enough; any moment now might bring "boots and saddles," and if I possessed the slightest desire for a breakfast to fight on it behooved me to get back within our lines. The memory of that animated scene in front still fresh upon me, how quiet and commonplace everything appeared down there in the hills.

On Foot and Dying He Reached Our Front.

"What has become of Bungay?" I questioned of Colgate, who was lying upon his back with eyes fastened on a floating cloud.

"Do you mean the little mountaineer who came in with us last night?"

I nodded.

"Oh, his mule bolted at the first shot over yonder, and the little fellow is after it. He's down the field there somewhere."

How time dragged! The battery to left of us went into action, and began firing rapidly; we could mark the black figures of the cannoneers at the nearer guns, outlined against the sky over the crest, as they moved quickly back and forth. Twice they bore motionless bodies to the rear, and laid them down tenderly beyond the fierce zone of fire. Then the heavier pieces of artillery farther down the line burst into thunder, and we silently watched a large force of infantry move slowly past us up the long slope until they halted in line of battle just behind its summit, the advanced files lying flat upon their faces and peering over. But no orders came for us.

Nearly noon by the red sun hiding behind the drifting powder cloud. The ever-deepening roar of ceaseless contest had moved westward down the valley, when an aide wheeled his smoking horse in front of the Colonel, spoke a dozen hasty words, pointed impetuously to the left, and dashed off down the line. The men leaped to their feet in eager expectancy, and as the "Fall in, fall in there, lads," echoed joyously from lip to lip, the kindling eyes and rapid movements voiced unmistakably the soldier spirit. We moved westward down the long, bare slope in the sunshine, through a half-dozen deserted, desolate fields, and along a narrow, rocky defile leading into a deep ravine. At the mouth of the ravine we came forth into the broad valley, and halted. Just in front of us, scarcely a half-mile distant, were the fighting lines, partially enveloped in dense smoke, out from which broke patches of blue or gray, as charge succeeded charge, or the wind swept aside the fog of battle. The firing was one continuous crash, while plunging bullets, overreaching their mark, began to chug into our own ranks, dealing death impartially to horse and man. The captain of the troop next mine wheeled suddenly, a look of surprise upon his face, and fell backward into the arms of one of his men; with an intense scream of agony, almost human, the horse of my first sergeant reared and came over, crushing the rider before he could loosen foot from stirrup; the Lieutenant-Colonel rode slowly past us to the rear, his face deathly white, one arm, dripping blood, dangling helpless at his side. This was the hardest work of war, that silent agony which tried men in helpless bondage to unyielding discipline. I glanced anxiously along the front of my troop, but they required no word from me; with tightly set lips, and pale, stern faces, they held their line steady as granite, closing up silently the ragged gaps torn by plunging balls.

"Captain," said Colgate, riding to where I sat my horse, "you will see that the paper I gave you reaches home safe if I fall to come out of this?"

I reached over and gripped his hand hard.

"It will be the first thing I shall remember, Jack," I answered earnestly. "But we may have it easy enough after all—it seems to be an infantry affair."

He shook his head gravely.

"No," he said, pointing forward, "they will need us now."

As he spoke it seemed as though the sharp firing upon both sides suddenly ceased by mutual consent. The terrible roar of small arms, which had mingled with the continuous thunder of great guns, died away into an intermittent rattling of musketry, and as the heavy smoke slowly drifted upward in a great white cloud, we could plainly distinguish the advancing Federal lines, three ranks deep, stretching to left and right in one vast, impenetrable blue wall, sweeping toward us upon a run. Where but a brief moment before the plain appeared deserted, it was now fairly alive with soldiery, the sun gleaming on fixed bayonets, and faces aglow with the ardor of surprise. Some one had blundered! The thin, unsupported line of gray infantry directly in our front closed up their shattered ranks hastily in desperate effort to stay the rush. We could see them jamming their muskets for volley fire, and then, with clash and clatter that drowned all other sounds, a battery of six black guns came flying madly past us, every horse on the run, lashed into frenzy by his wild rider. With carriage and caisson leaping at every jump, the half-naked, smoke-begrimed cannoneers clinging to their seats like monkeys, they dashed recklessly forward, swung about into position, and almost before the muzzles had been well pointed, were hurling canister into that blue, victorious advance. How those gallant fellows worked! their guns leaping into air at each discharge, their movements clock-work! Tense, eager, expectant, every hand Among us hard gripped on sabre hilt, we waited that word which surely could not be delayed, when from end to end, down the full length of our straining line, rang out the yell of exultant pride.

"Steady, men; steady there, lads!" called the old Colonel, sternly, his own eyes filled with tears. "Our turn will come."

Torn, rent, shattered, bleeding, treading upon the dead and mangled in rows, those iron men in blue came on. They were as demons laughing at death. No rain of lead, no hail of canister, no certainty of destruction could check now the fierce impetus of that forward rush. God knows it was magnificent; the supreme effort of men intoxicated with the enthusiasm of war! Even where we were we could see and feel the giant power in those grim ranks of steel—the tattered flags, the stern, set faces, the deep-toned chorus of "Glory, glory, hallelujah," that echoed to their tread. Those men meant to win or die, and they rolled on as Cromwell's Ironsides at Marston Moor. Twice they staggered, when the mad volleys ploughed ragged red lanes through them, but only to rally and press sternly on. They struck that crouching gray line of infantry, fairly buried it with their dense blue folds, and, with one fierce hurrah of triumph, closed down upon the gun. Even as they blotted them from sight, an aide, hatless and bleeding, his horse wounded and staggering from weakness, tore down toward us along the crest. A hundred feet away his mount fell headlong, but on foot and dying he reached our front.

"Colonel Carter," he panted, pressing one hand upon his breast to keep back the welling blood, "charge, and hold that battery until we can bring infantry to your support."

No man among us doubted the full meaning of it—we were to save the army! The very horses seemed to feel a sense of relief, hands clinched more tightly on taut reins to hold them in check; under the old battered hats the eyes of the troopers gleamed hungrily.

"Virginians!" and the old Colonel's voice rang like a clarion down the breathless line, "there is where you die! Follow me!"

Slowly, like some mighty mountain torrent gaining force, we rode forth at a walk, each trooper lined to precision of review, yet instinctively taking distance for sword play. Halfway down the slight slope our line broke into a sharp trot, then, as the thrilling notes of the charge sounded above us, we swept forward in wild, impetuous tumult.

Who can tell the story of those seconds that so swiftly followed? Surely not one who saw but the vivid flash of steel, the agonised faces, the flame of belching fire. I recall the frenzied leap of my horse as we struck the line ere it could form into square; the blows dealt savagely to right and left; the blaze of a volley scorching our faces; the look of the big infantryman I rode down; the sudden thrust that saved me from a levelled gun; the quick swerving of our horses as they came in contact with the cannon; the shouts of rage; the blows; the screams of pain; the white face of Colgate as he reeled and fell. These are all in my memory, blurred, commingled, indistinct, yet distressful as any nightmare. In some way, how I know not, I realized that we had hurled them back, shattered them by our first fierce blow; that the guns were once again ours; that fifty dismounted troopers were tugging desperately at their wheels. Then that dense blue mass surged forward once again, engulfed us in its deadly folds, and with steel and bullet, sword and clubbed musket, ploughed through our broken ranks, reaching us in twain, fairly smothering us by sheer force of numbers. I saw the old Colonel plunge head-down into the ruck beneath the horses' feet; the Major riding stone dead in his saddle, a ghastly red stain in the centre of his forehead; then Hunter, of E, went down screaming, and I knew I was the senior captain left. About me scarce a hundred men battled like demons for their lives in the midst of the guns. Even as I glanced aside at them, shielding my head with uplifted sabre from the blows rained upon me, the color-sergeant flung up his hand, and grasped his saddle pommel to keep from falling. Out of his opening fingers I snatched the splintered staff, lifted it high up, until the rent folds of the old flag caught the dull glow of the sunlight.

"—th Virginia!" I shouted. "Rally on the colors!"

I could see them coming—all that was left of them—fighting their way through the press, cleaving the mass with their blows as the prow of a ship cut the sea. With one vicious jab of the spur I led them, a thin wedge of tempered gray steel, battering, gouging, rending a passage into that solid blue wall, inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, slashing madly with our broken sabres, battling as men crazed with lust of blood, our very horses fighting for us with teeth and hoofs, we ploughed a lane of death through a dozen files. Then the vast mass closed in upon us, rolled completely over us. There was a flash, a vision of frenzied faces, and I knew no more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Field Hospital, Sixth Corps.

My head ached so abominably when I first opened my eyes that I was compelled to close them again, merely realizing dimly that I looked up at something white, above me, which appeared to sway as though blown gently by the wind. My groping hand, the only one I appeared able to move, told me I was lying upon a camp-cot, with soft sheets about me, and that my head rested upon a pillow. Then I passed once more into unconsciousness, but this time it was asleep.

When I once more awakened the throbbing pain had largely left my hot temples, and I saw that the swaying white canopy composed the roof of a large tent, upon which the golden sunlight now lay in checkered masses, telling me the canvas had been erected among trees. A faint moan caused me to move my head slightly on the gratefully soft pillow, and I could perceive a long row of cots, exactly similar to the one I occupied, each apparently filled, stretching away toward an opening that looked forth into the open air. A man was moving slowly down the narrow aisle toward me, stopping here and there to bend over some sufferer with medicine or a cheery word. He wore a short white jacket, and was without a cap, his head of heavy red hair a most conspicuous object. As he approached I endeavored to speak, but for the moment my throat refused response to the effort. Then I managed to ask feebly: "Where am I?"

The blue eyes in the freckled, boyish face danced good-humoredly, and he laid a big red hand gently upon my forehead.

"Field hospital, Sixth Corps," he said, with a strong Hibernian accent. "An' how do ye loike it, Johnny?"

"Better than some others I've seen," I managed to articulate faintly. "Who won?"

"Divil a wan of us knows," he admitted frankly, "but your fellows did the retratin'."

It was an old, old story to all of us by that time, and I closed my eyes wearily, content to ask no more.

I have no way of knowing how long I rested there motionless although awake, my eyes closed to keep out the painful glare, my sad thoughts busied with memory of those men whom I had seen reel and fall upon that stricken field we had battled so vainly to save. Once I wondered, with sudden start of fear, if I had lost a limb, if I was to be crippled for life, the one thing I dreaded above all else. Feeling feebly beneath my bed-clothing I tested, as best I could, each limb. All were apparently intact, although my left arm seemed useless and devoid of feeling, broken no doubt, and I heaved a sigh of genuine relief. Then I became partially aroused to my surroundings by a voice speaking from the cot next mine.

"You lazy Irish marine!" it cried petulantly, "that beef stew was to have been given me an hour ago."

"Sure, sor," was the soothing reply, "it wasn't to be given yer honor till two o'clock."

"Well, it's all of three now."

"Wan-thirty, on me sowl, sor."

That first voice sounded oddly familiar, and I turned my face that way, but was unable to perceive the speaker.

"Is that Lieutenant Caton?" I asked doubtfully.

"Most assuredly it is," quickly. "And who are you?"

"Captain Wayne, of the Confederate Army."

"Oh, Wayne? Glad you spoke; but extremely sorry to have you here, badly hurt?"

"Not seriously, I think. No limbs missing, anyhow, but exceedingly weak. Where did they get you?"

"In the side, a musket ball, but extracted. I would be all right if that lazy Irish scamp would only give me half enough to eat. By the way, Wayne, of course I never got the straight of it, for there are half-a-dozen stories about the affair flying around, and those most interested will not talk, but one of your special friends, and to my notion a most charming young woman, will be in here to see me sometime this afternoon. She will be delighted to meet you again; I'm sure."

"Captain Wayne!" She Cried.

"One of my friends?" I questioned incredulously, yet instantly thinking of Edith Brennan. "A young woman?"

"Sure; at least she has confessed enough to me regarding that night's work to make me strongly suspicious that Captain Wayne, of the Confederate Army, and Colonel Curran, late of Major-General Halleck's staff, are one and the same person. A mighty neat trick, by Jove, and it would have done you good to see Sheridan's face when they told him. But about the young lady—she claims great friendship with the gallant Colonel of light artillery and her description of his appearance at the ball is assuredly a masterpiece of romantic fiction. Come, Captain, surely you are not the kind of man to forget a pretty face like that? I can assure you, you made a deep impression. There are times when I am almost jealous of you."

"But," I protested, my heart beating rapidly, "I met several that evening, and you have mentioned no name."

"Well, to me it chances there is but one worthy of mention," he said earnestly, "and that one is Celia Minor."

"Miss Minor!" I felt a strange sense of disappointment. "Does she come alone?"

"Most certainly; do you suppose she would expose me in my present weak state to the fascinations of any one else?"

"Oh, so the wind lies in that quarter, does it, old fellow? I congratulate you, I'm sure."

My recollection of Miss Minor was certainly a most pleasant one, and I recalled to memory the attractive picture of her glossy black hair and flashing brown eyes, yet I felt exceedingly small interest in again meeting her. Indeed I was asleep when she finally entered, and it was the sound of Caton's voice that aroused me and made me conscious of the presence of others.

"I shall share these grapes with my cot-mate over yonder," he said laughingly. "By the way, Celia, his voice sounded strangely familiar to me a short time ago. Just glance over there and see if he is any one you know."

I heard the soft rustle of skirts, and, without a smile, looked up into her dark eyes. There was a sudden start of pleased surprise.

"Why," she exclaimed eagerly, "it is Colonel Curran! Edith, dear, here is the Rebel who pretended to be Myrtle Curran's brother."

How the hot blood leaped within my veins at mention of that name; but before I could lift my head she had swept across the narrow aisle, and was standing beside me. Wife, or what, there was that within her eyes which told me a wondrous story. For the instant, in her surprise and agitation, she forgot herself, and lost that marvellous self-restraint which had held us so far apart.

"Captain Wayne!" she cried, and her gloved hands fell instantly upon my own, where it rested without the coverlet. "You here, and wounded?"

I smiled up at her, feeling now that my injuries were indeed trivial.

"Somewhat weakened by loss of blood, Mrs. Brennan, but not dangerously hurt." Then I could not forbear asking softly, "Is it possible you can feel regret over injuries inflicted upon a Rebel?"

Her cheeks flamed, and the audacious words served to recall her to our surroundings.

"Even although I love my country, and sincerely hope for the downfall of her enemies," she answered soberly, "I do not delight in suffering. Were you in that terrible cavalry charge? They tell me scarcely a man among them survived."

"I rode with my regiment."

"I knew it was your regiment—the name was upon every lip, and even our own men unite in declaring it a magnificent sacrifice, a most gallant deed. You must know I thought instantly of you when I was told it was the act of the —th Virginia."

There were tears in my eyes, I know, as I listened to her, and my heart warmed at this frank confession of her remembrance.

"I am glad you cared sufficiently for me," I said gravely, "to hold me in your thought at such a time. Our command merely performed the work given it, but the necessity has cost us dearly. You are yet at General Sheridan's headquarters?"

"Only temporarily, and simply because there has been no opportunity to get away, the movements of the army have been so hurried and uncertain. Since the battle Miss Minor has desired to remain until assured of Lieutenant Caton's permanent recovery. He was most severely wounded, and of course I could not well leave her here alone. Indeed, I am her guest, as we depart tomorrow for her home, to remain indefinitely."

"But Miss Minor is, I understand, a native of this State?"

"Her home is in the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, along the valley of the Cowskin,—a most delightful old Southern mansion. I passed the summer there when a mere girl, previous to the war."

"But will it prove safe for you now?"

"Oh, indeed, yes; everybody says so. It is entirely out of the track of both armies, and has completely escaped despoliation. But you, Captain Wayne; surely you have already risked enough?"

"There is much suffering upon both sides, but surely even you would not wish me to be other than true to what I look upon as a duty?"

"No; I—I think I—I respect you the more."

I clasped her hand close within my own.

"Your words encourage me greatly," I said earnestly, "I have done so much to bring you trouble and sorrow that I have been fearful lest it had cost me what I value more highly than you can ever know."

These words were unfortunate, and instantly brought back to her a memory which seemed a barrier between us. I read the change in her averted face.

"That can never be, Captain Wayne," she returned calmly, yet rising even as she spoke. "You have come into my life under circumstances so peculiar as to make me always your friend. Celia," and she turned toward the others, "is it not time we were going? I am very sure the doctor said you were to remain with Lieutenant Caton but a brief time."

"Why, Edith," retorted the other, gayly, "I have been ready for half an hour—haven't I, Arthur?—but you were so deeply engrossed with your Rebel I hadn't the heart to interrupt."

I could see the quick color as it mounted over Mrs. Brennan's throat.

"Nonsense," she answered; "we have not been here that length of time."

"Did the Major emerge from out the late entanglement unhurt?" It was Caton's voice that spoke.

Much to his regret, I believe, he was not even under fire." The tone was cool and collected again. "I will say good-bye, Lieutenant; doubtless we shall see you at Mountain View so soon as you are able to take the journey. And, Captain Wayne, I trust I shall soon learn of your complete recovery."

My eyes followed them down the long aisle. At the entrance she glanced back, and I lifted my hand. Whether she marked the gesture I do not know, for the next instant both ladies had disappeared without.

The night drew slowly down, and as it darkened, only one miserable lamp shed its dim rays throughout the great tent; nurses moved noiselessly from cot to cot, and I learned something of the nature of my own injuries from the gruff old surgeon who dressed the wound in my chest and refastened the splints along my arm.

It must have been midnight, possibly even later, when a number of rapid shots fired outside the tent aroused me, and I heard many voices shouting, mingled with the tread of horses' feet. The night-watch had already disappeared, and the startled inmates of the tent were in a state of intense confusion. As I lifted myself slightly, dazed by the sudden uproar and eager to learn its cause, the tent-flap, which had been lowered to exclude the cold night air, was hastily jerked aside, and a man stepped within, casting one rapid glance about that dim interior. The flaring lamp overhead revealed to me a short,

heavy-set figure clad in a gray uniform

No one here need feel alarm he said quietly We are not making war upon the wounded Are there any Confederates present able to travel?'

A dozen eager voices answered him, and men began to crawl out of their cots onto the floor

'We can be burdened with no helpless or badly wounded men, he said sternly Only those able to ride No, my man, you are in too bad shape to travel Very sorry my boy, but it can't be done Only your left arm, you say? Very well, move out in front there No, lad, it would be the death of you, for we must ride fast and hard"

He came to a pause a half-dozen cots away from me and seemed about to retrace his steps Dim as the light was, I felt convinced I had formerly seen that short figure and stern face with its closely cropped beard

'Mosby' I called out resolved to risk his remembrance, Colonel Mosby, isn't it possible to take me?

'Who are you" he questioned sharply, turning in the direction of my voice

"Wayne," I answered eagerly, "Wayne, of the —th Virginia

In an instant he was standing beside my cot, his eyes filled with anxious interest

Phil Wayne, of Charlottesville? You here? Not badly hurt, my boy?

Shot and bruised Colonel but I'd stand a good deal to get out of this

'And, by the Eternal, you shall, that is, if you can travel in a wagon Here Sims Thomas; two of you carry this officer out. Take be. clothes and all—easy now'

The fellows picked me up tenderly, and bore me slowly do. a the central aisle Mosby walked beside us as far as the outer opening

'Put him down there by the fire' he ordered until I look over the rest of these chaps and divide the wheat from the chaff'

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Night Ride of the Wounded.

It was a wild, rude scene without, yet in its way typical of a little-understood chapter of Civil War Moreover it was one with which I was not entirely unacquainted Years of cavalry scouting bearing me beyond the patrol lines of the two great armies had frequently brought me into contact with those various independent irregular forces which, co-operating with us often rendered most efficient service by preying on the scattered Federal forces and piercing their lines of communication Seldom risking an engagement in the open their policy was rather to dash down upon some outpost or poorly guarded wagon train and retreat with rapidity to defend, built hopes always, but as we had attached to men ill adapted to abide the stricter discipline of regular service These border rangers were gentlemen of some consideration, but in unexpected times of weakness had been discovered their disposition as quickly as they came oftentimes scattering, which until the call went forth for some such assault It was service not dissimilar to that performed during the Revolutionary struggle by Sumter and Marion in the Carolinas and added in the aggregate many a day to the contest of the Confederacy

Among these wild, rough riders between the lines no leader was more favorably known of our arms nor more dreaded by the enemy than Mosby Daring to the point of recklessness yet wary as a fox counting opposing numbers nothing when weighed against the advantage of surprise, tireless in saddle, audacious in resource quick to plan and equally quick to execute he was always where least expected, and it was seldom he failed to win reward for those who rode at his back Possessing regular rank in the Confederate Army, making report of his operations to the commander-in-chief, his peculiar talent as a partisan leader had won him what was practically an independent command Knowing him as I did I was not surprised that he should now have swept suddenly out of the black night upon the very verge of the battle to drive his irritating sting into the hard-earned Federal victory

An empty army wagon, the "U. S. A." yet conspicuous upon its canvas cover, had been overturned and fired in front of the hospital tent to give light to the raiders Grouped about beneath the trees, and within the glow of the flames, was a picturesque squad of horsemen, hardy, tough looking fellows the most of them, their clothing an odd mixture of uniforms, but every man heavily armed and admirably equipped for service Some remained mounted, lounging carelessly in their saddles, but far the larger number were on foot, their bridle reins wound about their wrists All alike appeared alert and ready for any emergency How many composed the party I was unable to judge with accuracy, as they constantly came and went from out the shadows beyond the circumference of the fire As all sounds of firing had ceased, I concluded that the work planned had been already accomplished' Undoubtedly, surprised as they were, the small Federal force left to guard this point had been quickly overwhelmed and scattered

The excitement attendant upon my release had left me for the time being utterly forgetful as to the pain of my wounds, so that weakness alone held me to the blanket upon which I had been left. The night was decidely chilly, yet I had scarcely begun to feel its discomfort when a man strode forward from out of the nearer group and stood looking down upon me He was a young fellow wearing a gray artillery jacket, with high cavalry boots coming above the knees I noticed his firmly set jaw and a pearl-handled revolver stuck carelessly in his belt but observed no symbol of rank about him.

'Is this Captain Wayne?' he asked, not unpleasantly

I answered by an inclination of the head, and he turned at once toward the others

"Cass, bring three men over here, and carry this officer to the same wagon you did the others," he commanded briefly Fix him comfortably, but be in a hurry about it"

They lifted me in the blanket, one holding tightly at either corner, and bore me tenderly out into the night Once one of them tripped over a projecting root, and the sudden jar of his stumble shot a spasm of pain through me which caused me to cry out even through my clinched teeth

'Pardon me lads, I panted ashamed of the weakness, 'but it slipped out before I could help it"

'Don't be after a mentionin av it, yer honor,' returned a rich brogue Sure an me feet got so mixed oup that I wondher I didn't drap ye entoirely'

If ye had Glency said the man named Cass grimly I reckon as how the Colonel would have drapped you

At the foot of a narrow ravine leading forth into the broader valley, we came to a covered army wagon to which four mules had been already attached The canvas was drawn aside and I was lifted up and carefully deposited in the box that thickly covered the bottom It was so intensely dark within I could see nothing of my immediate surroundings, but a low moan told me there must be at least one other wounded man present Outside I heard the tread of horses' hoofs, and then the sound of Mosby's voice

Jake he said "drive rapidly but with as much care as possible Take the lower road after you cross the bridge and you will meet with no patrols We will ride beside you for a couple of miles

Then a hand thrust aside the canvas, and a face peered in I caught a faint glimmer of stars, but could distinguish little else

Boys said the leader kindly, 'I wish I might give you better transportation but this is the only form of vehicle we can find I reckon you'll get pretty badly jumped over the road you are going but I'm furnishing you all the chance to get away in my power We shall guard you as long as necessary and then must leave you to the kindly ministrations of the driver'

He reached in leaning down from his ride to do so drew the blanket more closely over me, and with a word of cheer to the driver turned away

[illegible] the head of his column [illegible] his whole command [illegible] over the mountainsides in the road echoed ending a fresh spasm of pain through me to unconsciously

Mayhap you'll tell God ever protect [illegible] you [illegible] the handle of each [illegible] we travel through [illegible] greater agony of mind [illegible]

The hours that followed were all but endless I knew we entered the lower valley for the road led me more level yet the slightest jolting now was sufficient to render me crazed with pain and I had lost all power of restraint My tortured nerves throbbed the fever gripped me and my mind began to wander Visions of delirium came and I dreamed dreams too terrible for record demons danced on the drifting clouds before me while whirling savages chanting in horrid discord stuck my frenzied body full of blazing brands At times I was awake, calling in vain for water to quench a thirst which grew maddening, then I lapsed into a semi consciousness that drove me wild with its delirious fancies I knew vaguely that the Major had crept back through the darkness and passed his strong arm gently beneath my head I heard him shouting in his deep voice to the driver for something to drink, but was unaware of any response All became blurred, confused, bewildering, I thought it was my mother comforting me The faint gray daylight stole in at last through the cracks of the wagon cover, I could dimly distinguish a dark face bending over me, framed by a heavy gray beard, and then, merciful unconsciousness came, and I rested as one dead

CHAPTER XXV.

A Lost Regiment.

It was a bright, sunshiny day in early spring Birds were sweetly singing in the trees lining the road I was traveling I must have shown my late illness greatly, for the few I met, as I tramped slowly onward mostly soldiers, gazed at me curiously, as if they mistook me for the ghost of some dead comrade, and I doubt not my pale face, yet bearing the deep imprint of pain, with the long, untrimmed hair framing it, and the blood stained, ragged uniform, the same I wore that fierce day of battle, rendered me an object of wonder

All through those long, weary winter weeks I had been hovering between life and death in an obscure hospital at Richmond The moment the door was opened to permit of my passing forth into the world again, I sought eagerly to discover the present station of my old comrades in arms, yet could learn only that the cavalry brigade with which I had formerly served was in camp somewhere near Appomattox Court House On foot and moneyless I set off alone my sole anxiety to be once more with friends; and now, at the beginning of the second day I was already beyond Petersburg and sturdily pushing westward As the road swerved slightly to the left passing through a grove of hand some trees I came suddenly opposite a large house of imposing aspect A group of Confederate officers stood in converse beside the gate leading into the open driveway, and as I paused a moment gazing at them and wondering whom I had better address—for I recognized none of the faces fronting me—one among the group turned suddenly, and took a hurried step in my direction as though despatched upon an errand of importance He was a tall, slender man, wearing a long gray moustache and I no sooner viewed his face than I recognized him as having been one of those officers present in General Lee's tent the day I was sent out with dispatches He glanced at me curiously, yet with no sign of recognition, but before he could pass I accosted him

Colonel Maitland,' I said, 'you doubtless remember me I am seeking my old command, would you kindly inform me where it may be found?'

He stopped instantly at sound of my voice, and stared at me in odd bewilderment, but my words had already reached the ears of the others, and before he had found an answer another voice spoke sternly 'What is all this? Who are you sir? What masquerade puts you into that parody of a captain's uniform?'

I turned and looked into the flushed indignant face of General Lee

'It is no masquerade sir,' I answered instantly removing my hat 'it is the rightful uniform of my rank greatly as I regret its present condition

'Where are you from?'

"I was discharged from St. Mary's Hospital in Richmond day before yesterday, and am now seeking to rejoin my regiment"

"Surely he said gravely, "I have seen your face before To what regiment were you attached?"

"The —th Virginia Cavalry"

The buzzing of voices about me instantly ceased and General Lee took a step nearer

'The —th Virginia? You were a captain? Surely this is not Philip Wayne?'

So deeply surprised was his tone, so uncertain his recognition I scarcely knew what to answer Had I lost my very identity? was this all a dream?

I am Captain Wayne, Troop D,—th Virginia'

He grasped my hand warmly between both his own and his kindly face lit up instantly, with a rare smile

Captain Wayne, I cannot tell you how greatly I rejoice at your safe return We ever [illegible] owe you an apology for this [illegible] but you were reported killed in action many months ago I doubt not Colonel Maitland [illegible] he [illegible] but [illegible] must accept him

For the moment I was unable to speak so deeply did his word affect me

I fear Captain Wayne he said [illegible] which [illegible] but [illegible] you dress

Sir I replied [illegible] to tell thought of [illegible] Not from here I trust sir

No with great [illegible] mother I believe [illegible] with [illegible] I must speak [illegible]

"Surely This Is Not Philip Wayne?"

less sad ones, and must prove a severe shock to you There is no —th Virginia"

"No —th Virginia?" I echoed, scarce able to comprehend his meaning, 'no —th Virginia? I beg you to explain, sir, surely"—and I looked about me upon the various uniforms of the service present—"the war has not yet ceased—we have not surrendered?"

'No, my boy," and the old hero reverently bared his gray head in the sunlight, "but the —th Virginia gave itself to the South that day in the Shenandoah"

I must have grown very white, for a young aide sprang hastily forward and passed his arm about me Yet I scarcely realized the action, for my whole thought was with the dead.

"Do you mean they are all gone?" I questioned, tremblingly, hardly able to grasp the full dread import of such ghastly tidings. "Surely, General Lee, some among them must have come back"

"So few," he responded soberly, his hat still retained in his hand, "so few that we could only scatter them in other commands But you have not yet fully recovered your strength. You must not remain longer standing here Major Holmes will you kindly conduct Captain Wayne to my headquarters and see that he is furnished with a uniform suitable to his rank. For the present he will serve as extra aide upon my personal staff'

I turned away, the Major leading me as if I had been a child I walked as a man stunned by some sudden unexpected blow When I finally joined the mess upon the following day, clad now in fit uniform I had regained no small measure of self restraint, and with it came likewise renewal of the military spirit. My welcome proved extremely cordial, and the conversation of the others present soon placed in my possession whatever of incident had occurred since that disastrous day of battle in the valley No attempt was made to conceal our weakness, nor to disguise the fact that we were making a last desperate stand It was evident to all that nothing now remained but to fold our tattered battle-flags with honor

Directly opposite me at the long and rather scantily furnished mess-table was seated a captain of infantry quite foreign in appearance—a tall slender man wearing a light-colored moustache and goatee His name as I gathered from the conversation was Carlson, and I was considerably surprised at the fixedness with which his eyes were fastened upon me during the earlier part of the meal Thinking we might have met

"I Was Upon My Feet in an Instant."

somewhere before I ransacked my memory in vain for any recollection which would serve to account for his evident interest in me Finally, I ventured to ask, as pleasantly as possible

Captain Carlson, do I remind you of some one, since you regard me so intently?'

The man instantly flushed all over his fair face at this direct inquiry

It was not [illegible] the almost stammered in sudden confusion speaking quite [illegible] but [illegible] it has come to me that you [illegible] in other women and I refuse to [illegible] mens I know not it seems not so

I was on my feet in an instant scarcely crediting my own ears, yet on [illegible]

[illegible] I [illegible] so [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ROOSEVELT ANNOUNCES CANDIDACY.

(Continued from Page 1.)

only for local but for State delegates. I believe in the adoption of wisely chosen devices under which the initiative and referendum can be used, not as a substitute for a representative government, but to make representative government genuinely representative, to see it corrected if it becomes misrepresentative. And I wish to say a few words to you to-day specifically on the proposition of giving to the people in the last resort the interpretation of the constitution.

Defines His Position.

"My position is simple. It is that if the people know enough to make a constitution they know enough in the [illegible] what they meant when they made it. I wish to call your attention to the entirely different character of the National and the State constitution. In the National constitution we deal with an instrument designed to define the limits of power between the Nation and the several States. So that as regards the National constitution there must necessarily be somebody capable of deciding what those limits are, when we come to discuss the relative claims of conflicting sovereignty, each sovereign in its own sphere. The State constitution of any State has nothing analogous to that about it. There is no question in a State of any conflicting sovereignties. There is only one sovereignty, the sovereignty of the people. You are not the sovereigns, neither is the executive, neither is the judiciary. All three of you possess powers delegated to you by the people, but not parted with by the people, and therefore, whereas, in the National constitution the legislative branch has no power save that which is expressly granted to it by constitution, under the State constitution the legislative body has all the power that is not forbidden it by the constitution.

"In the last resort the people after due deliberation are to be and must be the masters and their representatives their servants. There is nothing ignoble in any man fit to be a public servant avowing that he is such. It was Lincoln who, in his first inaugural, spoke of his absolute responsibility to—I use his words—'His masters, the American people.'

"Now in the measure that I advocate, in the method of securing a proper interpretation of the constitution, which I advocate, remember to take what I say, and not the head lines in the newspapers purporting to tell what I say. I am not advocating the recall of judges. I am advocating a measure which, if adopted, will prevent the necessity of the recall of judges. I am not advocating the recall of the judge; I am advocating the recall of legalism to justice.

"My proposal applies only to the legislative act which the courts declare unconstitutional. I refer specifically to laws passed in the collective interests of the whole community, passed by the legislative body, your body here in the exercise of the power to promote the general welfare, in the exercise of the police power, which is vested in the legislature. If such a law shall conflict with the collective interests of the community as a whole, passed by the legislature and signed by the governor, is declared unconstitutional by the court, I ask that the people be given the right, if they choose to exercise that right, themselves to pass final judgment upon the proposition. It has been stated that this will substitute popular whim, the whim of a moment, for the decision of the judiciary. Consider my proposition for a moment. In the first place the House that has to pass the law has to be elected. Then the law is introduced into committee and threshed out before the committee. Then it goes into the House, is argued to and fro and passed by the House. It then goes up to the governor, arguments for and against it are put before him and it receives his signature. It then is tried in the courts, and it cannot possibly come to the final court before six or eight months. It is then argued before that court, the court makes its decision again, going over the case in full, stating the reasons for its decision. By that time over a year will have elapsed. My proposal is that then, if the court has decided that the legislature plus the executive has exceeded the power granted by the people to them under the constitution, that the people shall themselves have the right to say whether their representatives in the legislature and the executive office were right or whether the representatives on the court were right. Provision should be made that no vote could be had save at a regular election not less than six months distant after the appeal to the people is made. In that case you see that the minimum time would be two years of discussion by the people, two years of discussion which would include the first election, which would include the discussion before the committee, which would include the discussion before the governor, which would include the decision of the court, and which then would include the six months' discussion before the people finally and definitely acted. If in two years the people are not able to make up their minds about a question, then I am sorry for the commonwealth of which they are citizens, and the position I take in these matters is that of your own Massachusetts justice on the Supreme court, Mr. Justice Holmes, in a recent decision in the Oklahoma bank case. Justice Holmes has put the claim for the exercise of the police power by the State even more strongly than ever I have put it in advocating its exercise, and that opinion of Justice Holmes was given in handing down the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and that opinion is now part of the Supreme law of the land.

"All I advocate is giving the people of the several States the right to put that opinion into practical effect as part of the law of the State. Taking my own State, the Court of Appeals of the State of New York in the workingman's compensation act, referred to their opinion to his very decision and refused to follow it. The Supreme court held on view, the Court of Appeals of the State took the other view and all I ask is that the people themselves in such cases shall be given a chance to declare whether they will stand by the Supreme Court of the Nation when it stands for human rights, or by the chief court of their own state when it stands against human rights. If that is a revolution, make the most of it.

"Some people speak as if there were some peculiar sanctity in a judicial opinion in such a matter as this. Very well; in which opinion? Which is the sacred opinion? The decision of the Supreme Court that I have quoted, or the decision of the State court that conflicts with it? They cannot be sacred, and I hold that the decision that holds for human rights is sacred.

Wedded to Purpose.

"Now, understand, I have no pride of opinion in this matter. I am not wedded to any methods. I advocate the method I am advocating because it seems to me to offer a better chance of reaching a right solution than any other, but I am wedded to the purpose that I uphold. I wish to put a stop to the courts nullifying laws which the people deem necessary to their general welfare. I regard the constitution as a means for giving the fullest expression to the deliberate and well thought out judgment of the American people and I feel that any State constitution which fails to provide a means for giving such full expression to the deliberate and well thought out judgment of the people of the State, falls short of what a constitution should be under our system of government.

"It has in the last few days been said that the constitution was built to be a shield against the passions of the people. If that is all that a man's conception is of the constitution he is unfit to understand what American democracy means. The constitution is, and should be, designed so as to make it necessary for the people to deliberate before they act, and my proposal would make it necessary for them to deliberate at least two years as a minimum before they acted. I hold that the only safe attitude for us here in America to take is the attitude taken by Abraham Lincoln, the attitude of believing that if an issue of wisdom or unwisdom, or right or wrong, is put fairly before the people, that the people can be trusted to make their decision for themselves. If you do not believe in the people, say so, and abandon our system of government, but above all things do not make believe that you trust the people.

"Our system of government is at confessed fault unless the people are to be trusted to govern themselves. You trust them to make the constitution; remember that the power to interpret is really the power to make, and give them as a matter of right, as a matter of justice, the power to decide what it was that they themselves made. Give them all the advice possible. Let the judge fearlessly do his duty and record his decision; let the executive do his duty and the legislator do his and when their several duties have been done, when the several opinions have been expressed, then if you are true to the peoples upon which this Republic was founded, you are bound to put the issue before the people, to appeal to their common sense, their spirit of decency and fair dealing and applied honesty in public and private affairs, and abide the result like men."

Be Cautious.

Pause on the brink. Who breaks pays. A frolic is a good thing, but do not go too far.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

NERVOUS IN PUBLIC

MANY WORLD-FAMED SPEAKERS NEVER OVERCOME THIS.

With Some It Persists as Mannerisms—Yawn and Handkerchief of Late Duke of Devonshire—Gladstone's Peculiar Actions.

Persons who are unaccustomed to speak in public believe that their nervousness is solely due to their inexperience, and that public men can make speeches as coolly as they make conversation. In some cases this may be so, but few speakers are ever able wholly able to cast off their nervousness. Sometimes it persists only in the form of a mannerism, attractive or otherwise, but some old parliamentarians never escape from the tremors and terrors which shook them when their maiden speech was delivered.

The late duke of Devonshire is usually spoken of as the perfect type of the impassive Englishman. When he entered the house of commons as Lord Cavendish, he distinguished himself by prefacing his maiden speech with a prodigious yawn. But he was by no means as languid in fact as he was in appearance.

When he rose to speak he would lean one arm on the nearest of the two iron-bound boxes on the table between the front benches. After a slight hesitation and a few quiet words, the other hand would steal to the tail pocket of his coat and emerge holding a neatly-folded white cambric handkerchief. Without unfolding it he would gently rub the corners of his mouth, and this done, the hand, still holding the handkerchief, would rest on the hip or be thrown back.

Sitting near him, one could observe that the grip on his handkerchief tightened, and that the muscles of the hand were in continuous action. At the close of his speech the hand opened, and one saw not the clean, folded cambric handkerchief, but only a solid, greasy ball, which was quickly returned to the pocket. Here was the safety valve for the impassive nobleman's nervousness.

Gladstone was one in whom nervousness had become mannerism. When he rose to speak he began with a few gracious words on the speech which was about to follow, or some pointed remark as to the character and importance of the subject. In his earlier days this was, no doubt to "get his breath."

His next act was to raise his right hand over his head with the thumb bent down and gently scratch his skull. That is rather common among public speakers. The third action of Mr. Gladstone was his peculiar and individual sign. Throwing his arms downward by his side, he would with his fingers seize the cuffs of his coat and draw these down over his shirt cuffs so as to conceal them completely. The ordinary practice is just the reverse, the desire being to expose and not conceal the white linen of the shirt cuffs. These were the invariable preludes to the great commoner's speeches.—Pall Mall Magazine.

Not in the Library.

Mr. Claptrap arrived at the circulating library the other day with his hands full of small packages and as cross as two sticks because his wife had asked him to fulfill some commissions for her while he was out. With a look which was just as disagreeable as he felt he handed to the little librarian a list which he had made to aid his memory.

"My wife wants these books," he said gruffly. "Be quick about getting them, if you please. I'm in a great hurry."

The girl, who was a trifle shy and inexperienced, flushed, and, saying that he should have the books directly, went to look for them. She was gone some time and when she returned he glared at her indignantly and asked if she expected him to "wait all day."

"I'm very sorry," she apologized, "but you see I've been looking for the last book on the list. Here are the other three, but 'Hairpins and Castor Oil' I can't find and—and I'm afraid it isn't in the library."

"Good heavens!" groaned Mr. Claptrap, quite crestfallen. "Did I put those things down in the book list!"

In Praise of Modesty.

Reginald De Koven told at a musicale in Chicago a pretty story in praise of modesty.

"A group of tourists," he said, "visited Beethoven's house in Bonn. One of the tourists, a girl of twenty or so, sat down at Beethoven's piano and played the 'Moonlight Sonata' none too well. Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano!

"When the girl had finished, she rose and said to the old caretaker:

"'I suppose lots of famous musicians have been here and played on this instrument?'

"'Well, miss,' the caretaker answered gravely, 'Paderewski was here last year, and his friends urged him to play, but he shook his head and said:

"'No, I am not worthy.'"

A Good One.

"Is little Mrs. Bings' worthless husband going to dine home on Thanksgiving day?"

"No; I understand he is going to stay away for a culinary reason."

"A culinary reason?"

"Yes. He knows his goose is cooked."

REBELS' TRIAL IN PARIS

Working of a Conspirators' Institute is Laid Bare in the French Capital.

Extraordinary things are coming out at the trial in Paris of seven revolutionists on the charge of having threatened and sequestrated three of their comrades whom they suspected of betraying them, the one for the space of 52 hours, another for 48 hours, and the third for 12, with the result that their captives signed confessions. The story of two of these affairs having been related in some of the newspapers, the judicial authorities instituted an inquiry, with the result that warrants were issued for the arrest of nine men. Three only could be captured, as the rest had fled, but four of the latter surrendered.

Meanwhile, it had been ascertained that a third revolutionist had been drawn into a trap and also sequestrated, his papers being even seized at his dwelling. When questioned he and his fellow-prisoners assumed full responsibility for what they had done, and soon the presiding judge remarked:

"You have, like us, a detective department, thanks to which you have been able to intercept correspondence, to shadow people, and to lay traps for them. You have employed the classic methods of the police, and you have also gendarmes, the jeunes-gardes revolutionnaires. You have, too, your magistrates, but there is this difference, that the accused are not assisted by counsel."

The person to whom this was addressed coolly replied that they left brutal methods to the regular police.

Did the man who had undergone the longest sequestration complain? "No, poor fellow; he was only too glad to get off so cheaply. It might perhaps have been different with the republicans of former days, who did not hesitate to use daggers and revolvers when they got rid of spies."—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

An Inventor.

When interested and disinterested persons tried to extract from Molly Hobart anything except praise of the man whom she had chosen from among her village suitors, they soon found that it could not be done.

"I went over to see Molly this afternoon," said Mrs. Ransom to her husband at supper one evening. "I declare she's right about one thing. Jake has plenty of invention if he is shackless in his ways. Do you recall that I asked her last time you and I were over to the farm what Jake was keeping those old wheels right out in the yard for, with most of their spokes gone?"

Mr. Ransom nodded.

"Well, his wife chuckled, as she went on with her story," Molly told me then that Jake would find a good use for 'em, and he has. He's took and knocked away all the spokes that were left, and he's run those two hubs down onto two stakes out in his meadow, and tied a rope round each of 'em, and hitched the other ends to those two cows of his.

"And when I was over there today, there they were, walking round and round, free as you please, and the hub slipping round and round with the rope, and not a chance of their getting twisted nor tangled!

"Molly says Jake has some thoughts of getting out a patent on his idea. S'pose he could?"—Youth's Companion.

His Wife Knew.

"Strange," mused a north side man when he was more or less dexterously fishing clinkers out of his furnace with a poker, he spurred a bright, silvery fused mass about the size of a No. 3 shoe.

"Extr'ord'nary, in fact," he exclaimed as he examined the metal, the identity of which he did not fix at once. He glanced with interest at his coal pile, for this N. S. man is of a sort of scientific turn of mind, and he was somewhat pleased with himself as he figured that some kind of ore had been mixed up with his coal, and his furnace acting as a smelter, had reduced the bright shiny mass therefrom: It tickled him that he had explained the matter so easily and he thought he would modestly show his wife how he had solved the strange occurrence.

"Look here, dear," he began. "I don't suppose you could tell me what this is, could you?"

"Yes," she snapped. "That's my aluminum skillet."

NOTE.—She put the skillet in the furnace to burn off the dried particles of turkey hash. No trace of the turkey could be seen.—Cleveland Leader.

Then She'd Say It.

"I assure you," said the persistent suitor, "that I will not take 'no' for an answer."

"You needn't," replied Miss Bright. "I'll say 'yes' upon one condition."

"Ah! Name the condition."

"Just ask me if I am determined not to marry you under any circumstances."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Usually Truthful.

Lawyer—Now, sir, from what you know of his reputation for truth and veracity in the community in which he lives, would you believe him under oath?

Witness—Yes, sir, as a gen'ral thing. Of course, if it was absolutely necessary for him to swear to a lie, I reckon he'd do it, mister, same as you would.

COSTLY 3-CENT PIECE

PITTSBURG MERCHANT HAS ONE THAT COST HIM $75.

Tells of the Time He Bet With Affable Stranger in Kansas City—Keepsake From Young Man's Grandmother.

"See that three-cent piece?" said John M. Gardner, a retired Pittsburg merchant, who formerly lived near Kansas City. He was at the Union depot the other morning on his way to visit friends in Wichita, says the Kansas City Star. "That coin cost me $75 right here in front of this depot, and I would not take a hundred for it.

"Twenty years ago this month I was waiting for a train here. Along came a stranger, with a smile, and held out his hand. He said he knew me, but I convinced him he didn't, and after he apologized, we went to get a drink. When we came out we saw a young man directly in front of us pull out a handkerchief, and as he did so something fell from his pocket. The stranger, who we will call 'Bud,' called my attention to it. He picked up the article, which proved to be a heavy piece of cardboard folded several times and tied with pink ribbon. Bud untied the paper and inside was a three-cent piece, the very one you see here. Bud told me to put it in my pocket and tie the paper again without the coin inside. We thought we would have some fun. We went over to the depot and found the fellow.

"'Lost anything, stranger?' asked Bud.

"'Not that I know of,' was the reply.

"We insisted on him searching. Suddenly he looked up with disappointment written all over his face.

"'Yes, boys, I lost a piece of paper tied up with ribbon, have you fellows seen it?'

"'Is this it?' I asked, holding out the paper.

"He made a grab for it. Bud asked him what he had inside the paper. The fellow said it was a keepsake, a three-cent piece which his grandmother had given him. Bud nudged me and laughed.

"'You mean to say you carry a three-cent piece in that paper?' said Bud. Bud then offered to bet there was not any coin in that paper. They bet $20. Bud did not have any more to bet, he said. Then I thought I saw a chance to make some easy money, so I bet the fellow $10. He raised me $20, and we argued back and forth until I had $75 up. I knew I couldn't lose as I had that three-cent piece right in my pocket. Then the fellow took the paper and, without untying it, tore it in two. When I saw a three-cent piece come out of that paper. I was madder than a hornet. Bud was holding stakes.

"Several years after I learned that these two were working that game as a regular business. Now, every time some one approaches me with a scheme I don't know much about, I reach into my pocket and rub this three-cent piece, just as a matter of precaution, you know."

Money's Part in Marriage.

Scores of persons lose their chances of being happily married through making an unnecessary obstacle of money. The importance of it is often exaggerated. Many a man hesitates to propose to a girl because of his small income. Very often much misery, misunderstanding and tangled lives result from the silence. More unfortunate love affairs are the result of what has not been said than of spoken words.

When a man has a small sure income, and a prospect of increase, there is no legitimate reason for his not speaking of his love; no reason, for that matter, to prevent marriage. People are so desperately afraid, though, of beginning married life in a small way. They fear the sacrifices which they will be called upon to make—of the criticism to which they will be subjected. Many years of happiness are lost in this way. It is such a mistake for young people to want to start marriage in the state that their parents are ending it.

To delay marriage until a "comfortable" income is available is to prove something lacking in the love.—Answers, London.

Equal to the Occasion.

He had been a writer of novelettes, but now he was a tramp. The imaginative instinct remained with him, however.

"Well," demanded the cold-visaged lady as she opened the door.

"Madam," he replied, "I am the exiled king of Cambria. I was hunting in yonder forest, but in some way I became separated from my retainers, likewise my gun and purse. I am footsore and weary, and I would fain tarry awhile and partake of refreshment at your hospitable board."

"We've got nothing in the house fit for a king to eat," said the lady, in the same lofty tone; "but I pray thee tarry while I unchain my bulldog Tearum. He will escort your majesty with all ceremony to the gates, and methinks—"

But the king remembered a pressing engagement elsewhere.

Carefree Bohemians.

"How would you like to go to a Bohemian supper? Lots of literary people and all that."

"No; the Bohemians are too free and easy for me. Last time I went they ran out of cheese and spread the sandwiches with library paste."

Would Be Interesting Reading.

"We may wonder if the world will ever be allowed to see the private correspondence amassed by the late Queen Victoria," says a writer. "It is stored away in a strong room built into the walls of Buckingham palace, and the queen shared her confidence with no one. So long as she was physically able to do so she opened and closed the safe herself and arranged its contents. When she was too feeble to do this she employed an old and trusted secretary, but even he had to work under the royal eye. He was never allowed to keep the keys nor to read the letters that he handled. Queen Victoria was always a voluminous letter writer, and she was in constant communication with most of the royalties in Europe. Every domestic secret and privacy of royalty during half a century is said to be represented by the contents of this wonderful safe, and it is easy to believe that the modern historian would find his hands full if he were permitted to browse among these letters. But probably he will have to wait a few hundred years, and then his popular audience will be a languid one. It is one of the ironies of life that we can never have things when we want them."

The Supreme Test.

"What makes you think that you really love me?" she said.

He thought for a moment before he replied, and then he said:

"I am willing to button you up your back all the rest of your life."

"That is something, but is it all?"

"I am willing to let our house be run by strangers, and that you should ever remain in entire ignorance of its management."

"Rather good. Anything else?"

"I am willing that we should have no children, so that you will be able to go to Europe whenever you want to, entertain your friends, and not be tied down."

"Good! And is that all?"

"Is this not enough?"

And she doubtfully replied:

"I suppose it ought to be, but I was in hopes that you would say you were willing to have me wear anything I pleased all the rest of my life, no matter how really ridiculous it was."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Advertising Genius.

"I guess I have insulted that great pianist forever," said Mr. Cumrox. "But I couldn't help letting my old business training get the better of me."

"What have you done?"

"I noticed that he always plays up the name of the piano he uses very conspicuously."

"Of course."

"Well, I offered to buy some good formula for a hair tonic and give him a half interest in the business."

Thoroughness.

"When I take up an idea," said the egotist, "I cover it completely."

"You do more than that," replied the satirist; "you bury it."

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